THE COMMONWEAL

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PEACE FROM THE STRONG

WITHIN a few weeks the Catholic Conference on International Relations, which is the development of an ideal mooted at the recent Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, will be meeting at Washington. It is not too soon to indulge in a little mild speculation as to the impression its discussions will make upon the world at large, and to ask how far, when the last speech has been made and the last report presented, we shall be the richer for a concrete body of Catholic opinion, which has placed itself on record, not only for the preservation of such technical peace as we now somewhat insecurely enjoy, but, what is vastly more important, for the peaceful as opposed to the forceful solution in future contingencies.

It cannot too often be reiterated (and The Commonweal can plead that it has done its humble part in keeping the disquieting fact before the eyes of its readers and well-wishers) that the mere word "peace" is no panacea for present dangers and discontents. The connotations it awakens differ widely in different minds, and no conference on the subject has ever been arranged without bringing certain sharp variations to light. At one extreme wing we shall always expect to find ranged those who have adopted pacifism as their creed, and who plead, with the apparent logic of all fanaticisms, for an outlawing of war and armaments together. At another, quite as naturally, will be ranged those who believe that force and submission to force are the systole and diastole upon whose oscillation the world will be run to the end of time.

Were the issue thus nakedly stated our only concern —were the peace that angels invoked at the moment its Creator descended upon the earth, and the "order" that once reigned at Warsaw the sole alternatives before mankind, it is not easy to see what ends conferences, leagues, and conventions devoted to the discussion of international relations would subserve. The sentiment, ranging from suspicion to open contempt, which now reaches them from the extremists that we have mentioned, would become a just and universal judgment. The law of the jungle, where those would take who have the power and those keep who can, would be our palladium. The banner of one successful, intelligent and conscienceless force, waving in turn over swarms of human termites or over pyramids of skulls, would replace the present confusing national emblems. An immense simplification of human effort would undoubtedly ensue. It is no less certain that what we now agree to call civilization would disappear in the process.

Luckily, the issue is by no means so sharply defined, nor as yet at the mercy of that "lusus naturae," the coldly logical mind. Between the two extremes lies an

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extensive territory of persuadable thought, men, and women too, who feel themselves the inheritors of conditions they did not create, whose hearts thrill at the rhythmic beat of disciplined feet or the sight of a great battleship riding at anchor, who uncover their heads as the national flag passes, who teach their children the sacrificial beauty of death accepted in life's springtime, and who, in no conceivable conjuncture of their own lives would put into practice the doctrine of "force majeure" of which such things are the symbol. By an historical accident, which may never be repeated on so vast a scale, a considerable number of the men have seen war at first hand, and know the deadly drudgery, the nausea, the suffering and spectral divorce from life of a game that is played at its fighting end by sweating, starving, footsore, and groping human creatures. "No other persons," declared the preamble of a resolution passed at a convention of old combatants held more than a year ago, "know so well the nature of modern war as do the members of the American Legion."

To enlist this large body of opinion sincerely and effectively in the cause of peace among nations, to find, using a phrase that swept the thinking world two decades ago, a "moral equivalent" for war and for the emotions, some of them very noble and desirable, that war arouses, would seem to be the duty that lies before all bodies who make the harmonious development of the world their desideratum. But the question is complicated, at the very start, by a factor without whose frank recognition as a main difficulty all discussions upon peace will prove so many futile gestures.

Roughly, this difficulty may be said to reside in the retention, by every nation, and to a degree only limited by its power to borrow and tax, of the means to war, as an essential without which not only national dignity but national existence is inconceivable. "If we needed any proof that the hope to end war forever is a delusion," says an editorial in the World's Work, which devotes its current number to gloomy conjectures on the probable source, extent, and result of the next great armed conflict, "we may look at the armaments of the nations. . . . Less than a decade after this war-to-end-war, the world remains under arms and in one of the most populous countries of the earth armies are locked in a death struggle for the right to govern four hundred millions of human beings, while the great powers stand on the sidelines in danger of being drawn into this new vortex."

What we are watching, in fact, as the growth of armaments and of efforts to render their use unlikely proceed side by side, is the old distinction, so often drawn by theologians in the ethical sphere, between "potentiality" and "action." It is an antinomy noticeable in many spheres of human conduct. It lies, like some vivifying force, at the root of the entire Christian conception of virtue as opposed to the deadening law of necessity that has infiltrated in systems borrowed from the fatalistic Orient. It persists in many manifestations which strike the hasty and shallow thinker as incongruous and insincere—in the precept of chastity laid upon a ministry which rejects the eunuch; in the free choice betwixt good and evil by which man fell, but through which he can rise again; in the willingness of a Church which preaches peace to bless the banners under which the Christian warrior will fight and die at need. War is no more the natural and inevitable release of armed strength than lechery of virility. For confidence, patience, dignity, for reluctance to humiliate a weaker brother or to speak the contemptuous word that renders even national suicide preferable to surrender, we look, not to the weak and disarmed, but to the strong man who keeps his house, knowing those things which he has are safe.

It may be said that this picture of strength made perfect in meekness is utopian. If so, it is only utopian as chivalry was utopian during the brief period when it possessed the imagination of the world, or as conscience itself is utopian. The paramount task before all those, Catholic or non-Catholic, who make relations between powers and principalities their concern, is to attempt to restore a conscience to the international mind. At present, there is no blinking the fact, morality in statecraft is at a low ebb. Deliberately, and as an abiding principle, the use of two measures seems laid down: one to the brother whose claims are backed by lethal power on land, on sea and in the air, and quite another to the weaker member whose backwardness, whose helplessness in the face of overwhelming odds, makes national dignity and any attempt to maintain it laughable or pathetic, as you choose to take it. For the former, conferences and round-tables, diplomats scurrying over Europe, portfolios under their arms, a seat at the council table where the gods make good and bad weather. For the latter, acrimonious notes that are scarcely-veiled ultimatums, shores beset by battleships, their batteries run out for action, landing parties, a harsh executive word, only withheld when some brother, equally formidable, shows signs of uneasiness. Is there not always an alternative—submission? And is any excuse viable, any forbearance likely, for the weak nation, large or small, which refuses to recognize the law on which empires are built?

No discussion of international relations, in short, will be worth one night's hire of the hall in which it is held, unless it takes note of this ill-omened arrogance, and insists that it shall disappear from the language of diplomacy henceforth. It is needless to insist upon signs that are headlined upon the front pages of the press at the moment these words are being written. But one thing is certain. Idly shall we seek to conjure away dangers now familiar and which, or so we humbly trust, worked out their own bloody cure ten years ago, if the emergence of new nations into consciousness, through a stress and turmoil that have become part of the history of the old, is seized upon to play the dismal game of exploitation and robbery over afresh, and to plant a crop of dragons' teeth of which generations to come will have the harvesting.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE gravity of the Chinese situation is indicated clearly enough by the divergence between the present European way of meeting it, and the methods which were employed in 1901. A generation has sufficed to alter the forces behind Chinese revolutionary nationalism from a superstitious secret society into an ultra-modern political party that can use propaganda and direct action as glibly as anybody else. Meanwhile, the foreign attitude has also undergone a radical change. Ideas like "self-determination" have made such headway among western peoples that an old-fashioned defense of imperialism is now utterly ineffective. Great Britain has, of course, especial reasons for regarding the present chaos with profound alarm. Her prestige on the Asiatic continent, none too secure for a generation, is undoubtedly the target at which the foreign policy of Russia today is directed. A casual glance at Moscow manifestos will prove this, quite independently of any evidence designed to show that the Cantonese have been drugged with Soviet propaganda. Sir Esmé Howard, the British ambassador to the United States, recently brought this aspect of the matter to the attention of a Massachusetts audience; and though his alarm may have seemed a little unreal to some American ears, it deserves sympathetic attention. The world today is too complex in organization, too dependent upon international trade-routes, established in whatever manner, to accept with equanimity a Bolshevist Asia. Whatever may have been the sins of the imperialistic advance, it is well to remember there are other sins—not innocuous by comparison.

ON THE other hand, it is perfectly apparent that the United States government has absolutely no motive for associating itself with Great Britain in the present Chinese difficulties. The defense of our consulates and citizens in China is another matter. To protect lives and the national honor is a duty which government cannot forego, even if great danger and difficulty are involved. So far, the conduct of United States military forces in Shanghai and elsewhere has been exemplary. Every possible effort has been made to avoid baiting the Chinese and unnecessarily endangering foreigners. The worst aspects of the situation are, indeed, wholly native in character. It is impossible to see any drift toward a stable government in China. Chaotic as the Russian revolution was, it could in the end utilize the previously established channels of political action. In China, however, democratic experience has no model excepting discarded forms of a semi-feudal rule, and some few hastily-learned lessons of foreign procedure. Essentially Chinese civilization has been so utterly non-political in character that its very virtues, so admirable in themselves, impede the progress of the state. It may be a long time before China will be ready to take a stable place among the nations, or even to enforce the elements of international courtesy. Meanwhile, patience must be the constant policy of the United States.

LECTURES on international relations, given under the auspices of the New York Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, have attracted large audiences. So many thorny problems needing so much earnest thought must not be ignored by public opinion, especially where that opinion is at the same time instructed and Catholic. Every lecturer has spoken authoritatively, even though his point of view may not have compelled assent. The important matter is not to codify a doctrine of international procedure, but to set forth indubitable principles and then to suggest ways in which those principles may be realized in practice. One of the recent lectures was an exposition of the background of Mexico by Dr. James J. Walsh. The point which Dr. Walsh stressed—the need for seeing that Mexican civilization is Indian, not white in character—must be borne in mind to some extent in all international relations. Every people must respect highly the form in which its own culture has been expressed, but it should scrupulously avoid acting on the assumption that peoples outside its national pale are inferior or decadent. Failure to grasp this rule is largely responsible for the catastrophic tension which has been maintained on the European continent by England and France. Similar disregard for alien habits was what roused the ire of travelers like Wilfrid Blunt against British and other policies in the Levant. And there is much reason for believing that a certain contemptuousness on the part of United States citizens is to a very great extent responsible for the chaotic character of Latin-American relations. For-

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tunately, the broad scholarship and sterling common sense of lecturers like Dr. Walsh help to correct this erroneous assumption in any part of their audiences which share it. The Catholic women of New York are to be congratulated likewise, not merely upon the sacrifices made to arrange the series, but also upon their intelligent readiness to weigh and discuss the matters brought forward.

MORE than two centuries and a half ago, a branch of the princely house of Breffny left an Ireland that was already "splotched with alien shames," and carried its sword and its talents for public service to northern Europe. From a scion of this illustrious family, Bishop Edward O'Rourke of Dantzig, a Lenten pastoral has recently been issued which fully deserves the space devoted to it by the Osservatore Romano. It puts in succinct and convincing language the Church's distinction between two forms of nationalism—the sane kind that, just because it loves its country would have its country loved; and the other sort, grown only too familiar, which sees in every other country's well-being a challenge to vanity, and in every other country's difficulties a chance to foment misunderstandings with a view of making fresh groupings that shall serve it in an eventual clash of interests.

IN THE second variety, the Bishop of Dantzig sees no kinship whatever with Christianity or Christian ideals. "It has issued," he tells his flock (and the world) bluntly, "from the ferment and disorder of our modern era. Developing forms that are more and more intransigent, it has beguiled humanity into one disastrous adventure after another." The Bishop draws a sharp distinction between true patriotism and the "deification of nationalism." "Man," he reminds us, "is not only a member of his own nation, but a member of the great human family." He recalls the words of Saint Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, upon the squabbles between Greeks and Hebrews in the early church, and concludes: "When a people forgets these divine precepts, when with blind pride and false egoism it would rear itself into an idol and consider other peoples as means to its ends, sound love of country suffers a change to a form of nationalism that is unjust and anti-Christian." The Bishop's timely words, based solidly, as he does not fail to remind his flock, upon the encyclical, Ubi Arcano Dei, promulgated by the reigning Pontiff, are none the less worthy of world-wide application because they happen to come from a city that is only too patently one of the storm centres of post-war Europe.

THE New Plan, as it is called at Johns Hopkins, is gradually transforming the university. What it comprises is virtually a rededication of the university to the ideals that inspired President Gilman and his associates. In other words, it is a bold attempt to stem the dissolution of the graduate school, deteriorating under the constant democratization of education and the consequent lowering of scholastic standards. In substance, the New Plan provides, first, that the freshman and sophomore years be eliminated and that the junior and senior years be absorbed by the graduate school; and secondly, that the faculty of philosophy be reorganized in such a way as to effect certain desirable aims. The privilege of doing advanced work is to be extended to exceptional students who demonstrate their fitness during the freshman-sophomore period, either at Hopkins, as long as this unit is part of the university, or elsewhere. Thus, while they are still enthusiastic and intellectually curious, they will have the opportunity to study seriously and develop rapidly. The degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy (there will be no Bachelor degrees) are to be conferred solely on the basis of proficiency and achievement, rather than on that of years of residence or the literal fulfilment of arbitrary academic standards. Not teaching, but research, is to be the watchword.

THE initial step—the elimination of the first two years of college—cannot be taken, however, until the present endowment is considerably increased, the legal obligation to receive the graduates of all the state and city high schools is removed, and the moral obligation to give the young men of Baltimore the necessary elementary college education is assumed by other institutions. Other educational activities are also involved—the college for teachers, and the night courses for technical workers and for business men and women—which must continue until some other local school is ready to carry them. Nevertheless, the most important part of the New Plan is already in operation. A genuine advance in the history of American education has been made, the cleavage between the work of the first two years of college and that beyond has been sharply defined, and the work of purely collegiate character has been completely segregated. Moreover, there is nothing to hinder the immediate reorganization of the faculty of philosophy. Already nineteen students, who completed their sophomore work in June, 1926, with exceptional credit, are following graduate courses. Revision of the curricula has been made and will soon be published. Men of eminence are being sought to fill chairs recently made vacant by death, or others that are to be established. This, then, is the New Plan. It seems to signalize a renaissance in the realm of higher education, a rebirth of ideals much needed by an overstandardized world.

TWO things have stood out in the trial of the libel suit for $1,000,000, brought by Aaron Sapiro against Henry Ford: the clear manner in which the issue has been defined by the court, and the expeditious way in which the cause has been presented. Judge Fred M. Raymond made it plain, early in the trial, that he intended to hold both sides to the matter contained in the complaint on which the suit had been brought—that a

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certain individual and a newspaper owned by him had libeled another individual. This was not only good law, but sound common sense. To have permitted the case to become a debate on the merits or demerits of Judaism because the plaintiff happens to be a Jew, would have been both ridiculous and opposed to national and legal polity. Of course, there is no debate on the point that Mr. Sapiro has every right which a Gentile might claim in parallel circumstances. The charges made against Mr. Sapiro in Mr. Ford's publication were serious. It was only natural that as a professional man of standing he should resent them and seek vindication as well as substantial damages if he felt they were unfounded and unjust. At the same time, their very seriousness—granting that they were believed to be supported by evidence—obviously rendered it the duty of the owner and the editor of a periodical professedly dedicated to the public good, to make them. They knew the law of libel; they were aware that in all probability they would have to face court action. Whether they were justified by the evidence is the one and only issue which the jury hearing the damage suit has to decide.

IT IS singularly appropriate that the Laetare Medal, awarded each year by Notre Dame University to the Catholic American who has achieved distinction in literature, the arts, science, or public service, should be granted this year to Margaret Anglin. At a time when public officials are endeavoring to find a means of purifying the American stage, and especially the New York stage, without resorting to censorship, one actress stands out as a typification of all that is educative in selection and all that is finished in presentation in the national theatre of today. That actress is Margaret Anglin, in private life Mrs. Howard Hull, daughter of a former Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and sister of the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada—the Right Honorable Francis Anglin. Of those who have received the medal in the last forty-five years, she is the second member of the theatrical profession to be honored, and the first woman of that calling—the only other recipient among the people of the theatre having been the late Augustin Daly, a distinguished manager of the last generation. Apart from the excellence of Miss Anglin's Shakespearean portrayals, her courage in presenting several of the classical Greek dramas has been equaled only by the illuminating character of her acting of the parts selected.

BIENNIALLY the Washington, D. C., Board of Trade awards prizes to buildings of "decided merit" in design and construction. The purpose is to encourage the erection of structures which, without being necessarily gorgeous or expensive, add to the beauty and attractiveness of the nation's capital. Significantly enough, two of the nine buildings selected this year are Catholic churches. Of Trinity College Chapel, designed by Maginnis and Walsh, the prize committee says: "The interior is a work of high order in architectural composition and ranks, no doubt, among the finest achievements in the country. The proportions are impressive; the details are of great restraint and distinction." The Church of the Sacred Heart, designed by the firm of Murphy and Olmstead, likewise won praise as being "beautifully treated in an extremely clever manner." Such honors reveal very clearly to what extent Catholic building in this country has risen above the trammels of convention and bad taste. It seems only a few years ago when one could safely assume of any projected church that its design would follow certain stereotyped outlines. Today creative artistry is associated with ecclesiastical architecture in a manner which wins steadily more and more respect from those who are competent to judge the craft of building. A great advance has been made; and if the future remains faithful to the best impulses of the present, cheap and soulless work will be dissociated at last from the temples of faith.

MEMBERS of the Pennsylvania Library Club, at their annual meeting held recently in Atlantic City, heard some remarkable literary estimates from Edward Robbins, vice-president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, who discussed Dead Books and Dying Authors. Byron, they were told, had gone into "total and permanent eclipse," along with Dryden and Gray; Tennyson's works were "on the toboggan slide," and those of William Cullen Bryant were passé. Thackeray's popularity was on the decline and Dickens was steadily losing readers because he was not lurid enough. But the most cruel verdict was that passed on Longfellow—he was "mid-Victorian." One may believe in the resurrection of the literary dead, but the case of the poor "mid-Victorian" is beyond praying for—he is damned for all eternity. Nevertheless, while the present generation, which, as Mr. Robbins declares, "is not prudish, whatever may be said about it," cares little for the classics of other days, some of the work of those days will always have a place in literature. Whittier, says Mr. Robbins, is assured of his place because of Barbara Frietchie, and another American writer who will survive is Thomas Buchanan Read, who gave to the world Sheridan's Ride. These may be masterpieces worthy to displace the works of Byron and Tennyson, but how well known are they to a non-prudish generation?

FATHER WILLIAM F. RIGGE, S.J., has been for nearly fifty years associated as professor of astronomy with Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, where there is an excellently equipped astronomical observatory. Recently there has appeared from Father Rigge's pen a book containing the description of a machine constructed by the author's own hands, at the small cost of $50.00, for making harmonic curves. These are the beautiful and intricate arrangements of

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curves of the type called "engine-turned," such as are used, for instance, on the backs of watches. Heretofore it has been the achievement of the "campylograph" of another Jesuit, Father Dechevrens of Jersey, in the English Channel Islands, to produce what was considered the largest number of such combinations possible—979. Those who are impressed by this number will gasp when they learn that Father Rigge's machine will turn out the almost incredible total of 7,618,782,498 combinations—a figure which it is not likely will be passed by any other machine. Father Rigge's book is very highly praised by the Scientific American, whose observations are paraphrased above. The notice concludes with the account of an incident which reads like a quotation from a detective story: "Seventeen years ago an Omaha man was accused of placing a bomb under the porch of a well-known Omaha politician. The bomb had exploded without loss of life. The state's witnesses swore that they saw the accused place the bomb under the porch, and fixed the hour of the day at 3:22 on a Sunday afternoon. One year later, during the trial of the accused, Father Rigge proved by means of the shadow on a building in a photograph that the state's witnesses were several miles from the scene at the time the bomb was placed. The photograph used as evidence showed the state's witnesses as members of a confirmation class of an Omaha church. By measuring the shadow, Father Rigge was able to fix the exact time that the photograph was taken. The case consequently was nulled, and the accused was given his freedom."

AMID the welter of homicides, suicides, and generally violent exits from the terrestrial scene, with which the columns of the press have been filled within the past fortnight, one obscure item deserves rescue, if only for the lesson it embodies. The story concerns a New Jersey carpenter who, after living for several years with his housekeeper in one of those ideal unions of temperament in which neither church nor state is asked to intervene, suddenly found himself cut out by a rival who offered the old-fashioned solatium of marriage. The resentment of the lover at this atavistic invasion of his rights, taking, as it did, the form of murder and suicide, was effective, and incomplete only so far as the absence of the third party to the triangle saved him from being thrown in to make good measure. As some compensation, a letter, left behind by the deserted (and departed) paramour reproached the intruder bitterly for having "broken up his home." The moral of the grim and sordid tragedy may be left to speak for itself. All we permit ourselves here is a mild wonder at the misnomer that ever labeled such unions "free" at all. Only the congenital moron is deceived by the sophistry today. Others know that no enslavement is so complete, and no situation so beset by peril, as that of the woman who has entered into a union of whose endurance passion is the only guarantor, and law "outside the law" the sole protection.

TOWARD RAINBOW'S END

SPRINGTIME always has the strange effect of making men enjoy their basic restlessness. Whereas all other forms of life go earnestly about their business—the beasts coming from their holes and the trees flinging round them their aery, fruitful gardens—human beings stare into the distance and yearn for nothing so much as the mists that hang round Cathay or Valladolid. The charm of a career like that of Captain Lawrence, or of the book written round that career, lies precisely in its stimulus to the universal hunger to go and do likewise. Great explorers and adventurers carry mankind with them, as not even the poets can. Over us all the rainbow casts its tranquil spell, but what really matters to us is rainbow's end. Of course, it is a spendthrift, impractical urge, this instinct to wander and inhale the breath of unknown cities and visionary mountain-peaks. Pascal was wholly right when he noted somewhat mournfully that the recipe for solid virtue is sitting alone in a room. But Pascal's wisdom precluded his own coming to America, quite as most Americans are restrained from going toward his wisdom.

Ours is a life and a literature of travel. Europe and the South Seas have been the twin antipodes of the national mind. It is interesting to discern how the habit of roaming still persists in our letters, in spite of so many earnest recommendations to utilize native materials. Even Mr. Sinclair Lewis goes to London and writes from the satiric vantage point of—is it Mars or Mercury? But apart from writing, the art of life is here most truly a nomad practice. Our landscapes are so distributed that one must leap from coast to coast to enjoy the same variety that is offered by compact countries like France or Italy. California is leagues away from Maine; the softness of Virginia is worlds apart from the ruggedness of northern Minnesota. Yet these must all be known if the contour of America is to become familiar and heart's desire to be stilled. Even so, regions beyond number are admirably adapted to walking. The Berkshires and the Blue Ridge hills, the rolling greens of Kentucky and Connecticut, the lake country of New York and Wisconsin—all these might conceivably have won the lasting affection of Rousseau.

But Americans, sad to say, are not a nation of pedestrians, earnest efforts to make them so to the contrary notwithstanding. We lack the sturdy habit of measuring distance by hours, which is so protective of the roots of European culture. By comparison, New Yorkers and Bostonians probably do considerably more traveling on foot than do the citizens of rural districts. There are places where a lonely walker, anxious to enjoy the hills and the surviving forest verdure, can hardly proceed because of commiserating autoists and wagon-drivers who halt and volunteer relief. Nor are the trim modern highways, made of selected concrete and asphalt for the benefit of vehicles, favorable to those

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who wish to act on the advice of Hazlitt or Thoreau and get themselves away for a spell from mere human gewgaws. A facetious critic might even opine that because we have got so much of romanticism out of our feet, we have all the more of it in our heads.

An older age, possessing the lore of symbols, saw that the yearning to go down long highways was a reflection of the final human eagerness to escape from the trammels of earth. With each spring, the wanderer became a pilgrim to any one of the myriad shrines which, identified with flowered valleys or mountain snows, were nevertheless reminders of the ultimate human business for which all seasons prepare. And perhaps it would be a wise idea to scatter similar places of devotion round about this land. Those who enjoy wandering through the spring would, then, not be suspected of mere loitering or of side-stepping from a universally ordained efficiency.

NEWS OF MEXICO

THE drift of events in Mexico is ominous. For months past we have continued to say, relying as we could upon much unadulterated information, that the Calles system of utterly unconstitutional government would end in revolution and chaos. This end is near at hand. Experienced press correspondents, returning from the Mexican scene, declare that opposition to the government has grown formidably and is still developing. It is not now a question of one political party against another; of one general against another; of one scheme of social change against another. The case is now the Calles régime versus the people, and the central point at issue in the case is undoubtedly religion. It is difficult for Americans, who live in a country wholly tolerant to all creeds, to understand how completely a spiritual faith held in common determines the cultural character of a people like the Mexicans. One was in duty bound to hope and pray that the long, insane dispute would somehow be settled peaceably and that revolution in Mexico would in no sense of the term be affiliated with the Catholic name. The supreme authority of the Church had counseled peace and patience; the hierarchy in authority had earnestly repeated that counsel. But there must come to pass—as is always the case in lands where recourse to law and the principles of justice is forcibly repressed—an armed resentment of tyranny.

Such an eventuality is not easy to contemplate. It would be most deplorable even if it could remain a purely domestic Mexican concern. The United States is, however, deeply involved. Our struggle for the maintenance of property rights, legitimate certainly if history and precedent mean anything, will find the same outcome as the imminent revolution. We shall be in whatever position the new Mexico desires us to be. Meanwhile the State Department has taken what looks like a critical step. In abrogating the treaty designed to prevent smuggling, it has paved the way toward making any future effort to lift the arms embargo effective. For many months this embargo has been the target at which a variety of Calles opponents have fired. End our protection of the Mexican army, and we end the Calles régime. That is a fact nobody will deny.

In view of what Mexico's President undoubtedly is—a tool in the hands of violently anti-social groups—it is not easy to see why the government of the United States should endeavor to keep him in power. If we were asked to choose between the Calles forces and their antagonists, we should unhesitatingly cast our lot with the second. But—and the point seems of supremely great importance—it may not yet be too late to avert war and bloodshed, chaos and destruction, in Mexico. Perhaps the Calles government, brought face to face with a realization that its policies cannot be made effective in practice, will finally give way to a sensible abrogation of its accumulated injustices. So long as there is a spark of hope for such an ending, it is imperative to keep it alive, regardless of emotions and recriminations, however just.

So long as there is such a hope, the United States should scrupulously refrain from open belligerent action. Property rights have suffered more from revolution in Mexico than from tyranny in Mexico. They would suffer seriously again. In so far as Catholics are concerned, the ideal attitude is prescribed for them in the prayer for peace that has been offered so many times by the Holy Father. It may be that the rumor of a rapprochement between the Vatican and the Mexican authorities is true and that it signifies an answer to this prayer. At any rate, the triumphs of the Church are never achieved on bloody battlefields. Revolution in Mexico, let it be remembered, would not be altogether a glorious and august crusade. To loose the fury of the populace is to enkindle passion and lust, destruction and manifold barbarity. "Pax Christi in regno Christi" is a motto for which tremendous hardship must sometimes be endured.

Never was it more necessary to think of the work that remains to be done in Mexico, patiently, sacrificially, intelligently. Americans who have profited by years of good government and racial solidarity need to think of a neighboring people in terms far superior to oil and other property rights. Can we aid the agricultural, industrial, and educational growth of Mexico? Can we give added impetus to the saving work of the Church, once she is released from bonds which by the very necessity of things can only be temporary? Dr. Peter Guilday reminded us recently that thousands of documents, preserved in Spanish archives, await the historian who shall some day write a truthful history of the Mexican people. We need that badly. We need also to reckon with the evidence so apparent in our time—evidence showing that a great nation, and in many respects a virtuous nation, needs to be aided toward that political mastery of itself which produces social and economic order.

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WHERE IS CATHOLICISM EFFECTIVE?

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

AM I wrong in thinking that a comparison of the religious facilities in the various dioceses of this country will be both interesting and instructive? At any rate, I have ventured to make such a comparison, selecting first of all, six elements for which figures could be easily obtained. They are the number of priests, the number of churches with resident pastors, the total number of churches, number of children in Catholic schools, the number of converts, and the number of beds in Catholic hospitals. But, of course, a comparison cannot fairly be made on a direct basis. These elements were therefore reduced to a rate per thousand Catholics; and then, in order to embrace easily all the elements in the comparison, a simple average was calculated.

The figures are all for the year 1924. Those for priests, churches, and converts are taken from the Official Catholic Directory; those for children, from the Directory of Catholic Schools and Colleges; and those for beds in Catholic hospitals, from the Catholic Hospital Association. I know that the accuracy of the Catholic directory has been seriously impugned. But these figures are nevertheless the best we have. In order to check them somewhat, the Catholic population was calculated from the deaths and marriages given in the directory. Limitations of space forbid printing the tabulated results here—a longer article on this same subject, including the tables, will appear soon in Rural Life, from which it will be reprinted as a pamphlet issued by the National Catholic Welfare Conference—but the total varied less than 3½ percent from the total given in the directory. On this basis, the total Catholic population in the United States in 1924—excluding Greek Catholics and Catholics in Alaska—was 18,910,757.

Naturally, other elements enter into the question of religious conditions. The matter of mixed marriages will occur immediately to everyone. The number of Communions is another. But it would have been impossible, or very difficult, to get these figures for any great number of the dioceses. And even with our limited number of elements, I think that we can get some sort of idea of the religious conditions in the various dioceses. The results are not perfect, certainly. Statistics are never perfect, and in this case there is the added difficulty of trying to represent a moral quality by a numerical symbol. With these reservations, however, and with no desire to be dogmatic, I submit the following summary, directing the reader to the forthcoming pamphlet for fuller tables:

In regard to the number of priests per thousand Catholics, it is rather surprising that the highest dioceses are quite consistently from the South and West. Belmont Abbey—as it was then called—leads with 6.30. The next diocese is Savannah with 3.89. Then very close together, come Boise, Baker City, Charleston, Des Moines, Little Rock, Lincoln. The first eastern diocese—unless we call Springfield, Illinois, or Cincinnati, eastern—is Wilmington. It is thirty-ninth on the list, with only a little more than a fourth as many priests per thousand Catholics as Belmont, North Carolina.

Moreover, the great eastern dioceses, where we are accustomed to think the Church strongest and best organized, are down further still. Philadelphia is sixty-ninth, with a fifth as many priests per thousand Catholics as Belmont; Boston is eighty-second, with 17 percent as many priests relatively; New York is eighty-fifth, with 16 percent as many; and Brooklyn is ninety-eighth, with 11 percent as many.

It is true that one priest in a city parish can look after more people effectively than a priest with a scattered country district. But in spite of this, have we not always assumed that there were more priests per thousand Catholics in New York than in Georgia, in Massachusetts than in South Carolina? I shall not attempt to determine the reason for this, nor to evaluate its effect on the real condition of the Church. I wish merely to point out that this is an unexpected result of reducing the directory figures to a per thousand basis.

About the same relative results are shown for the number of churches with resident pastors, and the total number of churches. The highest dioceses are from the South and West. Belmont Abbey leads as regards churches with resident pastors, but is ousted by Baker City for the total number of churches. The first diocese of the East in the number of churches with resident pastors, is Ogdensburg, but it is forty-sixth on the list. It has only about a third as many such churches, relatively to Catholic population, as Belmont. Wilmington is still among the first of the eastern dioceses, being four places below Ogdensburg. Philadelphia is further down, being eighty-second, with 16 percent as many as Belmont; Boston is ninety-seventh, with one-tenth as many; Brooklyn comes next to Boston, and has the same percentage; New York is last of the dioceses, giving figures on this point, and has 9 percent as many such churches as Belmont.

There are a few relative changes in the column showing the total number of churches per thousand Catholics, but in general the results are the same. The highest dioceses are in the South and West; the eastern dioceses are far down the line. Boston, New York, and Brooklyn bring up the rear, with only 4 percent as many churches as Baker City. Ogdensburg is again the first eastern diocese, but fifty-one behind the leader.

Taken by themselves, these figures are probably not

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very significant, because the element of density of population might explain them. The eastern dioceses with fewer priests, and churches, might nevertheless be better served because the Catholics are concentrated in a small area.

But the point is at least arguable. And when we have substantially the same results for converts, for beds in Catholic hospitals, and especially for children in Catholic schools, I believe that a different aspect is put on the situation. One big church in a large city manned by five priests might serve 5,000 Catholics more effectively, if they lived right around it, than twenty churches served by ten priests, but scattered over several hundred square miles. But this is not true of children in Catholic schools. Here we are dealing, not with the number of schools, but with the number of children actually in them. And when we find the dioceses with the largest number of children in Catholic schools again in the South and West, and find the large dioceses of the East far down the line—though not as far down as regards priests and churches—we may well wonder what it really means.

The same thing is true of beds in Catholic hospitals. Here we are dealing with a certain definite capacity. It is not counting every hospital as the same, whether it has 300 beds or only twenty-five. And while it is not as necessary that a Catholic should go to a Catholic hospital when he is sick, as that he should be educated in a Catholic school, still the number of beds available in Catholic hospitals would seem to throw some light on the condition of Catholic life in any community.

There will probably be a difference of opinion as to the value of converts and beds in Catholic hospitals as indicating the condition of the Church. But I think that both of them are quite important. Wherever a community of Catholics is really vigorous, I am confident they will manifest an eagerness to bring the light of the true Faith to those outside. And where their Catholic life is strong, their mere example will be a powerful means of conversion. Numerous converts in proportion to the number of Catholics is likely to indicate healthy Catholic faith; whereas a lack of converts proportioned to the number of Catholics is likely to indicate that the Catholics themselves are rather apathetic toward their religion. Of course, if Catholics formed practically the whole of any community, then the number of converts proportionately would necessarily be small. But that condition does not prevail in any diocese in this country.

In regard to hospitals, I would not go so far as to say that they are as essential for healthy Catholic life as priests and schools. But I do think that they are very important. In the foreign mission field, it is being recognized that they are a very necessary element in successful work, and I believe they are just as necessary here at home. Sometimes we can get a better perspective of ourselves through the eyes of someone else, and this is true of our hospitals. Non-Catholics look upon them as one of our greatest assets. The Bulletin of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, for instance, quotes a South Georgia preacher as asking: "Why was it that it [Catholicism] ever held sway? It is the hospital system. The Sisters of Charity are more powerful in their sympathy than the priests."

A little thought will convince anyone that our hospitals are an exceptionally effective means for bringing back many fallen-away Catholics. Being approached at the most susceptible time, Catholics who have been away from the sacraments for years yield to the sympathetic charity of the Sisters, and return to the Church of their childhood. Oftentimes the priests in whose parishes they live do not know them for Catholics, and would have no way of approaching them if they did.

Moreover, our hospitals reach numbers of non-Catholics who would never enter a Catholic church. And if they are not converted, at least they rarely leave the hospital as bigots. Prejudice is broken down, and some preparation made for later conversion. No one can calculate the good done by our hospitals in this way.

Certainly we can have unanimity on the importance of children in Catholic schools as indicating the condition of Catholicism in any community. A large number of children in Catholic schools in proportion to the Catholic population is a good proof of a healthy religious condition. Whereas the community with a small number of children in Catholic schools, proportionately, is exhibiting a condition that demands explanation. There might be a satisfactory explanation in a particular case—as in the Santa Fé diocese—but generally speaking, I think we are justified in concluding that the number of children in Catholic schools is a safe indication of Catholic health.

Density of Catholic population would, apriori, make it easier to get a larger proportion of Catholic children into Catholic schools. But as a matter of fact, we find Nashville heading the list with nearly three hundred children in Catholic schools. This is followed by a number of other dioceses from the South and West, and Wilmington is again the first eastern diocese. It stands fifteenth on the list, and has 181 children in Catholic schools per thousand of the Catholic population, or 62 percent as many as Nashville. Philadelphia is twenty-first, with 171 children, or 58 percent; New York is seventy-sixth, with 104 children, or approximately one-third as many children relatively as Nashville; Boston stands two places below New York, with ninety-nine children, or 34 percent. And it is interesting to note that some of the dioceses making it almost a reserved case for parents to send their children to any but a Catholic school, come quite far down on the list.

Baker City leads once more for beds in Catholic hospitals, with nearly one bed for every twenty Catholics. In this case, Baltimore is the first eastern city, but stands thirty-eighth in line. Baltimore has about one bed for every 150 Catholics, or 16 percent as many as Baker City. New York is seventy-second, with 2.71

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beds per thousand Catholics; Philadelphia seventy-ninth, with 2.26; and Boston ninety-sixth, with less than one bed for every thousand Catholics. In other words, Baker City has seventeen times as many beds relatively to its Catholic population as New York, twenty times as many as Philadelphia, and fifty times as many as Boston.

Naturally, these different elements—priests, churches with resident pastors, total churches, children, converts, hospital beds—have not the same importance in Catholic life. I tried, therefore, to devise some satisfactory system of dealing with them. But of the people I asked for advice no two agreed on the relative importance. I have, therefore, first of all reduced them to a percentage of the highest in each group. If this had not been done, then the number of children in Catholic schools and the number of beds in Catholic hospitals would have had undue influence, because the figures in these cases are so much larger than in the others.

Even after reducing them to a percentage basis, the fact that in the case of priests per thousand Catholics the highest diocese, Belmont Abbey, was so far ahead of all others, tended to reduce the other figures as compared with the percentages in the other groups. That means that the number of priests would have a smaller influence on the average than the other figures. But this is not unreasonable, I think, as the number of churches with resident pastors and the total number of churches are intimately connected with the number of priests. These two make up for any smallness in the percentages of priests.

After what we have seen of the constituents going to make up the index number, it is not surprising that Belmont Abbey leads. As usual, the next highest dioceses are from the South and West. Wilmington is fiftieth, with an index number of .27; Baltimore comes next with one point lower; Philadelphia is sixty-sixth, with an index number of .20; Boston is eighty-seventh, and has an index number of .13; and New York is ninety-third, with .11.

Now I know that the reaction of a great many to these figures will simply be to throw them all aside. The figures do not agree with preconceived ideas, and so they are wrong. And these critics may be right in this. I do not wish to pin very much faith on them. The basis of the whole computation is the Catholic directory, and I have not very much confidence in the accuracy of its surveys.

But may there not be another explanation to this very surprising result? May we not all along have been deceived by an appearance of prosperity? Or rather, may we not have accepted a real prosperity as being wide-spread and complete, when it was reaching only a small number of the total or was not reaching as high a proportion of the total as was being done in some other places?

We have something of the same sort in a purely worldly field. There is a glamour about big cities. People imagine that it is great to live in the biggest city in the country, or the biggest city in one's section. And it is true that a few people do get great advantages from this concentration of population. But does the average man get as much out of living in a big city as he would in a small one? It is at least a debatable question.

Something of this is beginning to be realized. New Yorkers do not boast so much as they used to about their numbers jammed in on Manhattan Island. On the contrary, they are talking of decentralization. They realize that their facilities have really not kept pace with the increasing numbers. If you want to get a keen appreciation of this fact, stand at the Times Square subway station any evening at five o'clock.

Generally speaking, I think, we can say that the dioceses having the highest index number have no large cities, and are comparatively unindustrialized. This is certainly true of Belmont Abbey, Boise, Charleston, Savannah, Little Rock, Nashville, Mobile. At the other end, we find a number of cities, representing a highly industrialized life. There are Newark, Syracuse, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, Providence, Fall River, New York, Detroit.

It is true that among the tail-enders we have some small towns and rural dioceses. There are Corpus Christi, Lafayette, El Paso, San Antonio. But this is not surprising. In this they are simply following the general impression I think we all had, that these dioceses were comparatively undeveloped.

If we assume that these index numbers really represent some approximation to the actual condition, then we have come by another route to the conclusion Father M. V. Kelly reached years ago. He maintained that the Church was recruited principally from the country districts, that she lost out in the cities in a few generations. I do not know that his conclusion commended itself to very many. In some points he may have been too radical. But the general idea that the Church is healthier in country districts, in spite of certain handicaps, than she is in congested centres of population seems to be borne out by the present study.

When Love and Truth Have Met

When You have bent Your head quite close, as now,
There is a roughness where a thorn-point stings.
My own has nothing there. Too smooth my brow.

You fold my hands in Yours. I feel the scar
Of ragged nail-torn wounds. I fear hard things
And shrink, O shame! for hands too soft by far.

Our garden walk has stains I dread to see,
Because I fleetly run green-swarded years
Without a thrust of flint-shard wounding me.

You ask me whispering, "How much of love is there?"
I turn my head unanswering, lest You see tears:
How can I say, "I love"? I do not dare.

Lois Canfil.

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THE ROYALIST "NON POSSUMUS"

By ERNEST DIMNET

AS EARLY as August, 1908, and February, 1911, the present writer contributed to the London Nineteenth Century two articles on the subject of the then rising L'Action Française. In those days, one ran some danger in criticizing this movement, even in the most moderate terms. I took with equanimity a virulent reply from M. Charles Maurras. But having, so many years ago, done my best to approach a somewhat difficult question in the spirit of the historian and not of the polemist, I now get my reward by being able to do so again.

The Action Française movement seemed a strange novelty when it began, in the early years of the twentieth century. Royalism had long appeared as a semi-fossilized remnant of the past cherished by a few old aristocrats, a few old generals, and a fast disappearing section of the clergy. Its connection with religion was admitted by friend or foe who used the well-worn slogan: Le trône et l'autel.

The new royalist movement was different. It arose from the entirely intellectual evolution of a few young men, vastly interested in themselves and watching their inward development, as the young litterateurs of those days used to do, in the spirit of Barrès. Not one of them was a practising or even a believing Catholic. The blow to authority and the danger to France, which the success of the Dreyfusist agitation admittedly was, acted as a revelation upon them. This, then, was what individualism could do. A campaign for an alien, carried on largely by other aliens, and certainly with the help of foreign finance, was enough to endanger a noble country with ancient traditions. Such a thing might happen again in the future. The possibility could only be averted by the nation as a whole judging everything from the standpoint of its own welfare and, when necessary, sacrificing everything to it. This was called integral nationalism.

The new doctrine was not identified at first with royalism proper, but it soon led to it. For the chief enemy of integral nationalism is the revolutionary individualistic, or Dreyfusist spirit, "with its crazy habit of introducing the concepts of ethics into matters foreign to them." Politics have to do with facts, realities, matter-of-fact existences of all kinds with which the principles of morals should not be mixed up. Comte, Nenan, Taine, and de Tocqueville had all realized this. Now, the only antagonist able to fight off the revolutionary spirit was its historical opponent, the monarchy, with its continuity.

Thus reasoned the friends of Henri Vangesis and Lucien Moreau, whom a brilliant young writer, Charles Maurras, was soon to join. Maurras, born in 1868, was about thirty at the time. He had been educated in a Catholic school at Aix-en-Provence, but a passionate love for antiquity joined to sincere admiration for Comte, had made him a pagan in tendencies and a positivist in outlook. He regarded Christianity as Gibbon did, as the kill-joy of the world, and wanted to rebuild civilization on its old Roman foundation. His intellectual superiority, his astounding capacity for work, and his literary talents quickly made him the leader. Shortly after, another unbeliever—who, however, was to become, unlike Maurras, a devout Catholic—Léon Daudet, the already well-known son of the novelist, joined in his turn L'Action Française.

Jules Lemaître, with his usual clarity and understanding sympathy, has explained the rapid success of the movement. It appealed to the traditional forces because of its preferences for the royalist régime, "the least bad of all political systems," but, above all, it appealed to the young because of the novelty of a monarchist doctrine severed from its apparently indissoluble alliance with the Church, and defended by men who had no intercourse with the clergy, wrote what they pleased, and fought more duels than anybody else.

But this unusual deportment of people calling themselves royalists caused astonishment and, pretty soon, scandal among the traditional royalists, the "dowagers' party," as Daudet called them. I was in the room when Count d'Haussonville said without caring if he was overheard: "We have nothing to do avec ces gens là." The official organ of the monarchists, the Ganlois, edited by a Jew, attacked L'Action Française in a grand lofty manner. The younger men replied with poisoned arrows until the Duc d'Orleans, the Pretender himself, long before Pius XI—for it was in 1910—put them on the royalist index and declared that the orthodox party was represented by the Ganlois. Daudet and Maurras protested their unbounded respect for the Prince who would always be their Prince, but refused to commit hara-kiri. In less than a year, the Duke saw that he could not do without "those people," and restored L'Action Française to favor. Since then, every year has more and more identified the cause of the French monarchy with that of L'Action Française. The daily bearing this name has gradually outshone all the older organs of the royalist party, and the doors of provincial chateaux, long shut against it, now open wide to receive it.

L'Action Française is the most un-American-looking of newspapers. All the news it gives does not quite fill two lean columns and is visibly compiled from the cheapest agencies. But in each issue Daudet writes an effervescent editorial you cannot help enjoying, even if you disagree with every word, especially the oft-repeated prophecy that the restoration is at hand; Maurras, who knows all the political news that does

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not get printed in his paper, comments upon it in three columns without which many writers could not write their own leaders the next day; Jacques Bainville has few rivals for a terse presentment of foreign questions; finally, almost a whole page is devoted to a passionate but illuminating and generally amusing review of the press.

Has L'Action Française secured any positive results? Certainly the restoration has not come and, I am afraid, will not come; the Royalist party still numbers less than a score of deputies in the Chamber; the Royalist revolution, the coup de force, which is one of the dogmas of L'Action Française, is still something like the Socialists' Grand Soir, a mirage rather than a probability. All this apparently means failure. But in reality, L'Action Française has been successful in one capital thing: the daily probing of democratic principles, indefatigably repeated by Maurras and Daudet, has been carried on with such perseverance and such mastery that their criticisms have become public property. You find them not only unchallenged but regarded as axioms even in radical quarters. The clamoring for deep reforms in the French administration and even in the Constitution would never have begun had it not been for Maurras. You find its echoes even outside of France, and many a time I have recognized the familiar ring in things read or heard in America.

It now seems strange, but it is no less a fact, that until quite recently L'Action Française was looked upon as the most orthodox of Catholic newspapers. Maurras was still referred to as an atheist, but he deleted most of the objectionable passages from his books, and adopted in his articles the tone of the most intransigent theologian. So did Léon Daudet, although he would every now and then publish exaggeratedly outspoken novels. So did, above all, a number of occasional contributors, lay or ecclesiastic, who, during the white terror known as Integrisme—to which Benedict XV finally put an end—denounced people right and left. Every French prelate with more of the controversialist than of the good shepherd in his composition, was sure to be on the side of, and praised by, L'Action Française. All of which accounts for the fact that when the Archbishop of Bordeaux, obviously commissioned by Rome, started the long series of episcopal condemnations we have witnessed since September, neither the friends of L'Action Française nor its foes could believe their own ears.

What has happened? As usual in such occurrences, we have two versions, one given by the Vatican and supported by such organs as La Vie Catholique and almost unanimously by the diocesan bulletins, the other propounded by L'Action Française and its provincial substitutes, apparently also admitted by the Figaro.

The Roman point of view will be found in two documents of the highest importance: one being no less than the address given by His Holiness Pius XI himself in the Consistorio Segreto of December 20, 1926; the other being a chronological summary of the proceedings of the Holy Office against the leaders of L'Action Française signed by Monsignor Canali and dated December 29, 1926.

It appears from this illuminating document that, as early as January, 1914 (when Cardinal Billot and Cardinal de Lai were both friendly to L'Action Française and both enjoying the confidence of Pius X) the condemnation of not only the early books of Charles Maurras, but of the fortnightly L'Action Française was envisaged at three sittings of the congregation (January 15, 26, and 29). This condemnation was postponed, however, "owing to numerous petitions sent in to the Holy Father and adjuring him not to let the congregation prohibit the aforesaid books or periodicals." But Monsignor Canali's statement leaves no doubt that Maurras's books and articles were regarded as baneful to the many young men enlisted in L'Action Française, and that his condemnation was only deferred "till the Pope thought it wise to promulgate it."

In April, 1915, the secretary of the Holy Office reported the above proceedings to Benedict XV, but the new Pope also thought it better to put off the promulgation till after the war.

As a matter of fact, it was not till October, 1926, that the public blame administered to L'Action Française by Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was ratified by Rome, and not till Monsignor Canali published the decree of the Holy Office, that the now thirteen-year-old condemnation was promulgated. The decree added that, on account of the daily L'Action Française criticizing the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff himself in several recent articles, this newspaper was also to be regarded as being prohibited.

Nine days before, Pius XI, addressing the Consistory, had summed up the motives for the condemnation of L'Action Française as follows: First, Catholics should not favor a "school" of doctrine placing the interests of a party before those of religion; second, nobody should expose himself or expose others, especially the young, to influences imperiling the Faith.

Every word of the above statements was true. It is a fact that Maurras, in his views of French politics, and Bainville, in his interpretation of foreign politics, never take a Christian standpoint, regard their enemies with the old contempt of the ancients, and care little whether the means of restoring social order are Catholic or pagan. On the other hand, it is also a fact that, during the past fifteen years, more and more Catholics, especially the young, have joined L'Action Française without apparently suffering any detriment to their faith and, on the contrary, persuading themselves that they belonged to a highly orthodox and anti-modernistic school. The difficulties we are now witnessing all arise from the opposition between those two facts. Maurras is obviously full of the idea that he may be an unbeliever but has supported Catholic orthodoxy in its every manifestation, and that his followers are by a large plurality excellent Catholics.

On Christmas Eve, L'Action Française, in a long

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article entitled Non Possumus, stated its wish to meet all the requirements of Rome, "if they should be made clear," appealed from the Pope misinformed to the Pope better informed, and protested against what it regarded as a spiritual invasion of the realm of politics. Since then, Maurras in his daily paragraphs and Pierre Tuc in his review of the press have maintained the same attitude.

Let me recapitulate as briefly as I can the recent developments as interpreted in numerous articles of L'Action Française. Maurras, Pierre Tuc, and even such excellent Catholics as Colonel Larpent, see nothing but "the international policy of the Vatican—that is to say, politics—in the condemnation of their doctrine." Here is the sequence of events as it can be summed up from scores of recent articles:

> The entourage of the Pope during the war was suspected of being pro-German. Certainly the Osservatore Romano was. One of its chief contributors was the German von Gerlach, later on unfrocked and married. The secretary of the Holy Office, who tried to bring about the condemnation of L'Action Française during the war, was a German. Those people were enraged at the success of Daudet in his campaign against Malvy, Caillaux, and the Bonnet Rouge which resulted in the quelling of the meeting at the French front.
>
> Pius XI, influenced by Cardinal Gasparri, may not be a pro-German, but he has been won over to the opinion that the Church must use the Catholic party in Germany as the pivot of a far-reaching policy. The Catholics in other countries must be persuaded and, if need be, compelled to act in connection with the Centrum. If they do so, the international Catholic coalition will be invincible.
>
> Hence the dominant influence of the Germans in Rome; the papal protests against the occupation of the Ruhr; the anti-French mission of Monsignor Testa; the unconcealed propaganda of Monsignor Pacelli, nuncio in Germany, for the inclusion of the Nationalists in the new Cabinet; and finally, the favor shown to French pacifists with pro-German tendencies like Marc Sangnier.
>
> The League of Nations is greatly favored by Rome, but largely on account of Locarno. This has been demonstrated by the speech in which the new Paris nuncio, Monsignor Maglione, presenting the diplomatic corps to the French President at Christmas, complimented M. Briand on his pacifism. The by-standers could not believe their own ears, and the comments in the press showed that even the radical press rejected this Roman alliance.
>
> Still in the same spirit, the Vatican protects the Alsatian autonomists, no matter if they are mostly Communists, and if one of their leaders is a doubtful priest.
>
> The recent action of the Holy Office is accounted for by the opposition of L'Action Française to Locarno, to M. Briand, and to a policy tending to nullify the campaign of meetings of General de Castelnau. The man who reaps the greatest advantages from this attitude of the Vatican is M. Briand, an excommunicate.

We are not accustomed to such language, except in organs making no pretense of being Catholic papers. But L'Action Française has always been violent and, at present, lives in a state of perpetual irritation.

Now, what is the present situation? Plain rebellion. On December 24, 1926, L'Action Française published on its first page the consistorial address in which it was condemned, but, side by side with it, appeared the article Non Possumus. Five days later, the newspaper was placed on the Index, and as the readers of L'Action Française are, nine-tenths of them, Catholics, it was expected and indeed rumored that the editors would soon be compelled to stop publication. But it was not so. L'Action Française has made a successful appeal for funds and goes on. Every now and then, Catholic women, evidently made unhappy by this situation, appeal to the hierarchy in favor of what they regard as "the" Catholic newspaper.

On March 1, a short letter from the French hierarchy stated the unanimous adhesion of the 104 bishops to the condemnation. The next day this document was printed by L'Action Française, but immediately followed by another, of a highly confidential nature, in which the Cardinal of Rheims notified each bishop that the collective condemnation was the urgent wish of Rome. M. Daudet has long been famous for his detective capacities and obviously uses them.

What are we to conclude? First and foremost that this is a most deplorable state of affairs. The Holy Father in his consistorial address hoped that the step he was taking would unify the French Catholics: but division is what we see.

If, as the Holy Office wished it, M. Maurras's books had been, as they richly deserved to be, as he himself admits, placed on the Index in 1914, not a ripple would have been created. Things are different now that Maurras has corrected his own works, and a large section of Catholics have long regarded him as an "intellectual Catholic" superior to most. The surprising fact is that they should not see that a confirmed unbeliever can never be a Catholic leader. The tone of the Roman condemnation of L'Action Française has consistently been considerate and almost tender, and it ought to have been easy for M. Maurras to take the necessary steps. But M. Maurras is not a Catholic. So he, and the Duc de Guise, the new Pretender, have gone straight to the old Gallican arsenal, and they are now barricaded behind the familiar argument: "We respect and obey the Pope in all matters spiritual, but he should not interfere in matters political." This sentence is repeated ad nauseam all over Paris and it is not possible to foresee when another slogan can displace it. As matters now stand, the substitution of a Catholic for a Gallican attitude can hardly come from the surrender of the Royalist leaders: it must come from individual changes and these, for a long time, will be slow. Only one individual conversion would produce such a sensation that it might cause a landslide, viz., the submission of the Duc de Guise, who is a good man and a sincere Catholic. It seems difficult that there should not be before long an interview between him and some delegate from Pius XI, perhaps between him and the Holy Father himself.

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THE PREVALENCE OF PERJURY

By MARK O. SHRIVER

IN ITS issue of February 2, The Commonweal printed a brief editorial note on the wide-spread prevalence of perjury in the country today. That was a vital and timely topic since it is quite manifest to anyone who comes in contact, even occasionally, with the courts in the administration of justice, or with such officers as notaries, magistrates and the like, whose duties include the administration of oaths, that the regard in which the sanction and binding force of such obligations is held by the generality of the community is scant indeed. One need sit in a court-room for a very little while, listening to the conflicting and contradictory testimony of successive witnesses to feel quite certain that some one or the other of them is playing fast and loose with the truth.

Now to be explicit, and perhaps technical, for a moment, perjury may be loosely defined as "falsely and wilfully declaring or deposing under an oath, taken before a duly authorized official, in a matter where such oath is required, to depose and declare truly." A good lawyer could pick a dozen flaws in that definition, but for the present intent it should suffice since the purpose of this paper is not so much to set down an accurate definition of a particular crime, as to discuss the basic and underlying reasons for the unusual frequency of such a crime. General irreligion and indifference, lack of definite dogmatic training and of belief in God, as ordinarily understood, explain a great part of it, but there is another cause that cannot be passed over lightly.

I mean the habit and conduct of the very courts themselves and the supercilious, careless routine habits of some of the court attendants. It may sound extreme, but in twenty years at the bar I have known only one man who habitually and unfailingly administered an oath to witnesses with due solemnity. He is the Clerk of the United States Court for the District of Maryland. It is a serious and a sobering thing, that obligation which a witness is required to take. "In the presence of Almighty God" it runs, "you solemnly promise or declare that the evidence which you will give to the court and jury in the matter now pending shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Spoken in the precincts of that court, those words are calculated to cause even the most scatter-brained to pause. An ingrained respect, a feeling of reverence for the means by which justice is administered, is bound to follow, and it is especially noticeable among that class which lawyers call the laity. If there were always proper decorum on the part of court attendants, the seriousness of the proceedings would be more deeply impressed on all who attend the sittings. Unhappily what occurs is usually something like this:

In the course of the trial there comes a time when a particular witness is called. Some bailiff bawls out the name. Too often the witness himself, if he is in the court-room, does not recognize that bellowed name as his own. Finally, however, he reaches the witness-stand, and that same bawler steps briskly out and starts something that sounds like "Holeupyeritehan"; and before the final mute could have drifted across the room, had it been enunciated, there follows in the same breath, "Nuhpresensalmitey" down to the final "nothing but the truth." It is all in the day's work of a bailiff. He swears a score and more of witnesses a day, and this is just one more to be got away with. A final gasp as the last words wheeze out, and he adds, "Sworn name, sit down." From which the amazed witness is presumed to know that he has called on God to witness to the truth of what he will say, and that having so announced, the bailiff is now asking him to repeat his own name, and then, if he wishes, to be seated. It is all so stereotyped, so mechanical, so utterly regardless of the formality with which it should be surrounded, that there is small wonder that the witness fails to realize or to be impressed by the fact that he has actually taken an oath before God.

That condition, it seems to me, is the cause of a monstrous lot of false swearing in court and out, for though false swearing before a court may seem more important, the making of false oaths privately is quite as serious an offense.

What happens when the plain citizen appears before a notary or judge to make affidavit to papers of every-day life—to customs declarations, tax returns, or any of the other documents which must be so attested? How many appearing before such an official have been really, verbally administered the oath, as it is set out in the certificate and as the statute providing for such a verification contemplates? Almost invariably the official does one of two things. Either he certifies that the oath has in fact been made, saying nothing, except, perhaps, as he blots his signature, "Fifty cents, please," or, as he attends to the mechanics of the job, he directs detachedly and wearily, "Swear to this," and completes his certificate without pausing to find out whether his customer really intends to depose or not.

A large proportion of such perjured oaths are due entirely to this carelessness, or, worse, this criminal neglect, on the part of the administrator. Of course, there are some persons who are prepared to swear a thing through regardless of any consequence or consideration, and it is with that type of lying testifiers that most people are concerned when the question of perjury is discussed. It is these deliberate perjurers who constitute the greatest menace to the due process of the courts, who hang up juries, obstruct civil justice, and secure acquittal in criminal cases when, by every

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rule of right and conscience, conviction should have been had. But they really constitute no very great number. And even among them, set in purpose though they be, there are many who would falter if they could be impressed by the tremendous import of the invocation of Almighty God.

The reason for the existence of this class is not far to seek. Before courts of justice as we know them had been established among men, the single oath of a credible man sufficed to clear him of a charge. In civil practice, there was the system of compurgation, or co-swearing, under which twelve men made oath that they believed the oath which one party to a cause had sworn was a true one; and so it was decided. Such a condition could exist only in a society in which the sanctity of an oath was highly regarded. Gradually it fell into disuse. Prevalence of perjury is no unusual thing. It was the great sin of the middle-ages. It comes in waves as lack of steadfast, virile belief in God fades among a people. Nowadays it is considered clever, a sign of intellectuality, indeed, to be a sceptic, and to question the existence of a Supreme Being and a personal God.

The godless schools have done their work well and there is startling lack of faith on every side. Millions do not believe in a Being Who rules the universe and Who will hold them accountable for their acts, and reward or punish therefor as justice dictates. To them no sanction can mean anything. A liar at heart will lie as glibly by the name of God as by bell, book, candle, or any other person or thing by which it may be pleasing or convenient to swear. The name of God has been banned from the schools and there has arisen first suspicion, then doubt, and then a dark cloud to befuddle and perplex. Disregard and contempt is a natural consequence. Agnosticism it may be rather than crass atheism; but perjury is a menace because the truths of the existence of God and man's dependence on Him have become negligible factors in the lives and hearts of so large a proportion of the people.

THE MENTAL TICKLE OF HUMOR

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

A PHILOSOPHICAL expert has enunciated the maxim: Civilization varies as the amount of soap used—C∝S. In these days, however, of standardized production, of patent packages, scientific salesmanship and universal hygiene, soap has lost its diagnostic powers as a test of civilization. Soap is cosmopolitan. The maxim should be amended. After all, soap has no depth; it remains on the surface. A profounder and better measure of civilization is humor —C∝H. The wide application and important consequences of this historic generalization may be left to others, especially to those who are exercised over the obscure problem of what constitutes progress, but here and now the pressing question is, What are the reasons for the amendment?

The most obvious thing about humor is the laugh. Thinkers argued that if they surprised the secret of laughter, they would have tracked humor to its lair. Greek philosophers made man, or rather mankind, the measure of man. Modern behaviorists made first the baby and now the beast the measure of man. Sully pursued laughter down the avenues of years and dated carefully the first, the dawning smile of babyhood. A well-fed baby looks contented and happy; the lips of hunger resemble the lips of laughter; and therefore your first suckle is your first chuckle, although the perfect smile is of later development. Eastman, who thinks that humor is an instinct—blessed word for harassed thinkers—is also interested in baby laughter. Gregory, who would probably accept the proposed amendment, finds laughter a relief. He is behavioristic and makes laughter a snarl sweetened and disentangled by as many million years of evolution as may be necessary. Greig, whose book on humor has a complete bibliography on the subject, the finest anthology of definitions and the most utter fatuity, is a theorist of the age of Freud and by a vigorous but not a most ennobling imagination brings laughter back to tickling and tickling back to the slough of sex. Greig would not support the amendment. He should head the bureau of census and statistics, but should not be allowed to draw inferences. Sex is no sign of civilization. James, the perfect pragmatist, insists so much upon effects that for him the effect becomes the cause. In his view, we do not weep because we are sad, but we are sad because we weep. So, I suppose, we do not laugh because we see a joke, but we see a joke because we laugh. Much may be said for such a theory. Auto-suggestion puts into practice some such principle, and a good working definition of humor is that given by one upon whom a practical joke was played. No one in the secret was near when the joke was sprung, so the victim protested, "It was no joke; there was nobody there to laugh."

Plato, according to Lafontaine in Le Plaisir d'apres Platon et Aristote, was the first Puritan. Art for him was the shadow of a shadow, the copy of nature which was the copy of the Idea. Comedy is foolishness. Besides, comedy on the stage and in life is based on ignorance, says Plato in the Philebus, and, worse than that, laughter is the vice of envy, rejoicing in the evil of others. Plato is the originator of the idea that humor is the offspring of superiority and that the first laugh was derision. Aristotle answers that scoffing and buffoonery are the vicious excess of humor. For him, in his Poetics, humor is painless incongruity; and, in the

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Rhetoric, it is educated superiority or insolence (hybris). Mirth is a virtue for Aristotle—eutrapelia—the golden mean between clownishness, the excess, and boorishness, the defect. Is Aristotle dealing in paradoxes? He calls the laughable a mistake (hamartema) both in the Poetics and in his Rhetoric; he calls it ugliness (aischon) the opposite of beauty (kallos). He would seem to say to Plato, "Yes, there is deception and error in humor, there is ugliness or incongruity, but it is painless and virtuous." Indeed, all art in Aristotle's teaching is a virtue of the mind, even the art of joking, and it is precisely because of the excellence of humor that superiority uses laughter against its foe. Were insolence strong and uncouth, it would use its staff, but it is weak, and blood is messy, so it uses a laugh; and so satire becomes the weapon of the civilized. The rest of us unsatirical do not always laugh at others—we mostly laugh with them.

Laughter is not the right approach to the true nature of humor. Not by measuring the velocity and volume of falling tears, not by distilling their salt, do we reach the nature of sorrow. Laughter is separable from humor, but pleasure is not. What, then, is pleasure? Pleasure is activity; it is a function of cognitive life, it is the conscious realization of the perfection of our being. What bloom is to youth, pleasure is to action—its perfection and its completion. Find out where the pleasure lies in humor, and you are as close to surprising its secret as you are to understanding anything in life. Say, if you will, that laughter goes back to a tickle, but does it go back to a mere bodily tickle? That might give hysteria or idiocy. The tickle of humor is mental.

The mental nature of humor is evidenced widely. We understand the joke; we see the point; we are not dense. These are the phrases applied when we come in contact with humor. Appetite is the object of direction, not of education as is humor. All animals and all men, if normal, have developed appetites; they all do not seem to have a sense of humor. Humor is more akin to beauty and to truth than to good. The appetite begins at zero, increases to maximum, slakes its craving, and goes back to zero. Appetite is a fire; humor is a flash—sudden, thrilling, complete. The reflection in the mirror is there all at once and full, if the mirror is polished clean. The joy of humor is more like the pleasure of getting an answer to a mathematical problem or of solving a puzzle than of eating a meal or gratifying any appetite.

It is, in fact, in knowledge that Aristotle puts the pleasure of humor as he places there the pleasure of art. Surprise, novelty, instantaneousness, deception, incongruity, they are all attributes of humor; they all point to the mind. Aristotle analyzes the art of apprehending humor and states that most witticisms are from metaphor and from deception, and that the knowledge of the listener is all the clearer because he expected the opposite. The mind seems to say, "Really, so it is. I made a mistake."

If the clown were in reality as foolish as he acts, there would be pain and not pleasure. As art is noble playing of the mind, so too is humor a healthy playing of the mind. Ugliness transferred to art becomes an object of pleasure, by its artistic representation. Humor has the transfiguring power of art. There is deception in humor, but it is deception undeceived. If deception remained, there would be a real mistake, and that would be painful. There is incongruity in humor, but, like the ugly mask of comedy when put on the stage, it amuses and does not disgust, or it is seen to be a mask, not a real face. The mask is Aristotle's example, and it illustrates perfectly the two commonest elements of all humor, deception and incongruity, and their painlessness, because the mind in reality finds that both deception and ugliness are bogies. With that knowledge, which is truth sharpened on the edge of contrast, "because the mind expected the opposite," comes the pleasure of humor. Now you may laugh.

APRIL COMES IN

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

THE clear bright night was filled with frosty needles that pricked the flesh unmercifully. The last thing that I remember well was a constant flirtation between Orion and Capella which I witnessed through my western window, while the moon lapped the earth greedily with a golden tongue. . . .

The next conscious moment brought to me the plaintive cry of a phoebe-bird just outside my bedroom. I listened wonderingly, amazed at phoebe's early arrival from the warm lands of the South. But soon I was laughing heartily as the mocking-bird went on to try to convince me that I was also listening to a sparrow-hawk. The first is a common selection of the mocker's, but the last is a rare record, hard to play on the avian phonograph.

The frosty needles seemed to be sharper than they were last night. I wrinkled up the flesh and skin of my nose to see how quickly the creases, or nose-waves, would smooth down again. This makes a fairly good thermometer, and I guessed the temperature at twenty-six degrees above zero.

I got up and dressed. A long ridge in the distant East resembled an infuriated cat, the naked forest trees on its spine raised like stiffened hairs along the back. The sunshine that now poured over this elevation was filtered by the naked trees before it reached my worldly niche. This lasted only a short time, however, for soon I got the sunshine straight.

I buttoned up my overcoat and took to the road. Gaily behaved peach trees colored the hills about me, interspersed with dashes of white from the pear and plum trees. There were marvelous pictures and paintings in the freshly turned soil, plied by plow-brushes under the power of horse and tractor. These fascinating masterpieces kept my eyes pulled from the roadside, but every now and then I caught a glimpse of a bed of bluets, with color true to their name. Soon the bluets faded into Innocence, and Innocence, in turn, paled into Quaker Ladies.

When my road with crusty edges led me down into overflow ground, the scene took me back to February, for here the water was frozen stiff, with long prismatic crystal bars that ridged the surface. This convinced me that my nose-thermometer had reported weather facts accurately.

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Beds of whitlow grass spread white napkins in the green meadows as I hastened to a ditch filled with ice antiques. Attracted by a duck's egg, I kicked out a chunk; when I lifted out the thick piece of ice, the egg came with it.

A chickadee followed, persisting in its plaintive "Dee-yah-dee, dee-yah-dee!" This uncommon song of the chickadee, when it beats upon my ear, is so sweet that the dog in my nature wants to respond with a howl!

Tufted titmice blew hickory bark whistles in the nearby woodlands, but the most persistent singer was Bewick's wren. His is a wonderful voice, and I have yet to hear the mocking-bird mimic his song. Bewick's wren seems to sing especially for others, while the mocker apparently sings for his own satisfaction.

A cold winter had dared the deciduous trees to take the first step forward, yet a few hornbeams had slipped on their catkins and every now and then a maple tree was seen in bloom. A handful of buckeye leaves, recently born, reminded me of infant squirrels.

Over phoebe-bridge I trod, so far the sole owner of the great outdoors this morning, since I had seen no other human being. My ungloved hands were benumbed, despite the sun's best efforts to quiet the icy atmosphere. In the tangles west of phoebe-bridge I took to the undergrowth, beneath muscular arms of Quaker-gowned beeches, and bumpy barked hackberry trees. What a host of rue-anemones rose up in the leaf-strewn hillside! I broke the solemn stillness with laughter when I observed the brown leaf-shawls that were drawn so snugly about the anemones' shoulders! No wonder they were warm and happy. They were attached to a little bulb, a reservoir of food and heat! Toothwort was so abundant that I believed it was exceeding anemone in the floral race this morning! The terminal buds of infant buckeye bushes were exactly like whisk-brooms.

Down to the swamp, gravity and instinct pulled me. In the overflow ground, swamp saxifrage stood up in all its purity, and made a miniature great white way. Swamp saxifrage is coarser and naturally stronger than early saxifrage, but is scarcely as prim and delicate-looking as its brother that prefers higher ground.

Greek valerian was peeping heavenward, and what a rich green its foliage owned today! Jack-in-the-pulpit, and its valet, Green Dragon, had not even raised their green heads from out their leafy quilts. I could almost hear them snoring!

Trout lillies were up by the thousands and many of their nodding yellow blossoms were open. Trilliums had just hopped out of bed, and were still in their nightgowns with stockings on their feet. Did you ever dig a trout lily? You may think you are nearing Chinese quarters before you reach the bulb of this plant, which illustrates in practice the (slightly amended) song: "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the woods!"

Bluebells were up and dressed for April days, and their multi-colored bell clusters were beginning to chime the insect hymns, while white shooting stars were thinking favorably of opening within the next week. There had been so few warm days thus far that only a few violets with tiny white faces had been able to squeeze in. But when I reached the meadow, the wild cresses which had been maintaining green rosettes for many weeks, had lifted their floral towers, and the seedpods of many were already finished.

As I tramped on, my steps led me to the uplands again, where I was attracted by a last-year's hornet nest, clinging persistently to the bough of a large pear tree. Happy at the prospect of obtaining some paper from the closed factory of one of the world's oldest paper-makers, I forced the limb within reach. When I cut it loose, a ballast inside aroused my curiosity. The weight broke loose and stuck its nose out of the lower opening, and I experienced a thrill that few people ever have the opportunity of receiving. Last summer the worker hornets had anchored their summer cottage of paper on a twig where a pear was just starting out in life, and the young fruit had become completely hooded in the paper nest before it was half grown. Inside the storm-proof, frost-proof, and rain-proof cottage it had developed and now was soft and juicy and free from blemishes!

I proceeded to my room, carrying my trophies, while the bluebirds flew and chattered about as if they knew something of the delights that come to one when he ventures into the outdoor world with both eyes wide open. Thus April came in the morning I went to meet her!

COMMUNICATIONS

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I rubbed my eyes when reading the article, "Two Religions" of Anglicanism which appeared in your issue of February 16. Can The Commonweal have become a convert to the "threefold branch theory," thought I? The matter was explained when I discovered by means of the Living Church Annual that Mr. Whitehead is an Episcopalian clergyman.

He offers as a solution for the problem of church unity "the theology of historic Christendom." It was the answer of a great body of splendid men. It held Pusey in its thrall. It was the sheet anchor of the Caroline divines. It was even the feeble excuse proposed by the Anglican reformers themselves when they met the trained logic of the Catholic teachers of the Counter-Reformation. It sounds better than the appeal to the Bible as a final authority. It looks like an application of the so-called Vincentian rule. But what is it practically? It is an illusion.

To refer any ordinary man to the voluminous writings of the fathers of the Church is to take advantage of his ignorance. It is bad enough to ask him to read through the 700 pages of the Bible. But what a task to expect him to master the great collections of Migne. Who, for example, has ever been able to say exactly what Saint Augustine himself really taught? Doubtless we shall be answered that the "historic theology of Christendom" is to be found in the practice and in the current teaching of the historic churches. But which are the historic churches? Is not the Armenian Church an historic church? Even if we take the matters in which every admittedly ancient church is in agreement, what of the matters in which they differ? The most pressing difference and the one that chiefly concerns unity is the doctrine of papal infallibility. How will "historic theology" crack this nut for Anglicans? By ruling out the greatest body of Christians?

But the difficulty is still nearer home for Mr. Whitehead. The "historic theology" does not even end the Anglican difficulties. As there are many interpretations of the Scripture so there are many interpretations of the fathers. The doctrine of the Real Presence is one case. It is as easy, on the principle of ruling out the Roman Church in the matter of supreme authority, to rule out the Greek Church on the matter of the Eucharist. Quite late in its history, the Greek Church accepted the equivalent term for transubstantiation. There are Anglo-Cath-

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olics who think the Greek Church left the ancient theology in this respect. Certainly the older Anglican divines of the "catholic school" violently repudiated the doctrine of "a change of substance." Anglicans are consequently divided in their opinions concerning the Eucharist. Indeed, if the non-Anglo-Catholics of the Anglican communion were all to "disappear rapidly" as Mr. Whitehead prophesies they will, those who are left behind would still present to the world the spectacle of a church in confusion, a church as ready again to fall into parties and cliques as it ever was.

So, far from the Anglican Church being "a sample ecclesiastical body," and one which has "a logical position as the ideal basis for ecclesiastical unity," it is an example of unique confusion.

EDWARD HAWKS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—Miss Hillard's letter about the Reverend Whitehead's informative article, "Two Religions" of Anglicanism, was, of course, unfortunate, and one feels grateful to you for the editorial appendix which the letter's rather disagreeable ill-temper seemed to make desirable.

There are, one fears, altogether too many persons of the disposition of the writer of the letter in question. For, is it not obvious to the many persons of a superior intelligence who read The Commonweal, that articles, especially informative articles written by persons out of communion with the Holy See, would simply disappear, to the detriment of your policy and all that The Commonweal means, if such persons were obliged to take the "Roman Catholic" viewpoint in their writings? In so doing they would destroy themselves by means of a dishonesty which would approach the imbecility of the letter in question. The only other alternative would be to omit all contributions from sources other than "Roman Catholic."

Dr. Whitehead's article, as should be entirely obvious to the most moderate intellect, required a rare combination of courage, knowledge, and tact to produce at all. As I study it, it becomes more and more apparent that you did more in accepting it, or in securing its production, than merely (as you say) to provide something "interesting to Catholic observers." For the article by Dr. Whitehead combines these essential qualities in such nicely adjusted proportions as to approach being a work of genius. He has said nothing that could offend an Anglican; nothing that should offend a Catholic; everything there is to be said upon the strategic and important subject which he so admirably discussed with precisely (it seems to me) the right balance and exactly the combination of conservatism and truth which makes an article of this kind worth while. It can hardly be expected that an Anglo-Catholic writer of Dr. Whitehead's eminence in his own communion, and possessed of his learning, should, as a possible sop to the Hillards among your readers, stultify his own position and so ruin that which he has to say!

HAROLD KENNETH VAN BUREN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Permit me, through you, to congratulate the Catholic Church. I see by your issue of March 9 that Marion Pharo Hillard has come into the fold. And yet, while I rejoice, I cannot but reflect upon the unhappy state of the "thousands of earnest Christians" who are being kept out of the Catholic Church by the teaching that "Anglicans are just as good Catholics as 'Romans.'"

May I suggest that hereafter when a Protestant Episcopal minister is permitted to express his opinions in your periodical, you insert on the same page a cut of the Statue of Liberty in red, white, and blue as a gentle reminder to the unthinking that here in America we sometimes like to hear the other fellow's story and that most of us would not believe that the present Pope is an Irishman even though we saw such a statement printed in the Gaelic American.

JAMES S. COSTER.

THE BATTLE IN GOTHAM.

Los Altos, Calif.

TO the Editor:—Your contributor, William Franklin Sands, continues to instruct American Catholics on a variety of subjects. Having successfully disposed of the question in Mexico, maintaining against all opponents, including our own Chief Executive and the Department of State, that the troubles of our neighbors to the south are by no means attributable to Bolshevism, he now proceeds to tackle a few problems nearer home.

Among other interesting topics discussed by him in recent issues of The Commonweal, is that of the possible candidacy of "a certain popular Gothamite," presumably Governor Smith In this matter, Mr. Sands is undoubtedly in a more favorable position for getting at the facts than we of the Pacific slope. He is nearer the scene of action. Hence there may be truth in the very serious charges he brings against the person or persons who have brought to light the fact that the genial governor of New York is a Catholic and because of this liability his chances of receiving the Democratic nomination are in jeopardy.

To quote from the communication referred to (The Battle in Gotham, The Commonweal, March 2): "There are many outside of 'Gotham,' perhaps some in it, who feel that quite possibly the most serious point against a certain popular Gothamite as candidate is that insistence on this false issue is deliberately intended to bring out favorable 'Catholic' votes in both parties because of the inevitable 'religious antagonism' it will arouse; that it is an astute but dishonest political manoeuvre; that the injection of this false issue is not only stultifying to the candidate himself, but harmful to the church to which he belongs."

Herein are several categorical statements. Mr. Sands is a master of good English. He possesses a nice appreciation of the value of words. His article bears every evidence of having been carefully written. He understands fully what he means to say and he says it. Hence the conclusion he wishes us to draw is obvious. The stress laid upon the religious affiliations of Governor Smith in public speeches, in newspaper stories and magazine articles, is all part of a carefully devised plan. The "Smith for President" politicians of New York, and elsewhere, are responsible for it.

Way out West many of us are wondering whether this is true. Some of the things we have seen in print concerning the chances of a Catholic entering the White House do not seem to bear the stamp of the Smith machine. But one can never tell. Politics make strange bed-fellows. After all, Senator Heflin of Alabama may be only a henchman of Al's. The Kluxers may be in the pay of Tammany. The Methodist Church may really be an emissary of Rome.

Won't the zealous Mr. Sands be a bit more explicit? Won't he please tell us how much of what he has written is based on fact? Is it barely possible that his love of honesty and fair play has led him into a trap and made of him an easy victim to the darts of the Governor's political enemies?

FRED A. CASEY.

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THE JURY SYSTEM

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—More than a decade ago, The Outlook editorially wrote that of all the customs then "antiquated, moth-eaten and wasteful, the jury system was the worst." This bitter indictment is just as applicable today.

Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, in an address said that in a certain case of great public moment it took the presiding judge some six months to choose nine jurors. After the nine had been chosen, it was found that three of them had been bribed. Jury-fixing is frequently resorted to in civil suits involving large sums. For this reason I am inclined to think that the recent proposal of the Crime Commission of New York State is impractical, if not useless. In substance, the commission recommends the abolition of the provision which makes conviction by jury possible only by a unanimous verdict.

In his thought-provoking book, Prisoner at the Bar, Arthur Train gives an example of the stupidity of a "special jury" of perfectly intelligent men. A young Italian woman of good repute was charged with shooting her brother-in-law. He had attempted to persuade her to yield to his desires and she claimed to have shot him in self-defense. The evidence clearly showed that she pursued her would-be seducer down the stairs and shot him in a dark hallway as he was leaving the building. She was promptly acquitted despite the fact that her story was a fabrication.

In a more recent case, a woman shot her lover because he had become engaged to another woman. Her clever attorney painted a very tragic picture of her wrongs. In less than five minutes she was acquitted. With tears streaming down their faces, the jurors rushed over to the murderess and shook her hands "in the presence of the bereaved mother and father whose son had been so wickedly slain with malice aforethought."

Jury trials should not only be abolished in civil cases, but in criminal cases as well.

NATHAN FRIEDMAN.

MEETING UNEMPLOYMENT

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your correspondent, William H. Bastion, writing in the issue of March 23 on Meeting Unemployment, pursued a very circumspect method of meeting this evil.

It is my opinion that the trade-unions furnish the most direct remedy for unemployment by the principles so well enunciated through their spokesman, the late Samuel Gompers, when writing in The Forum of 1893.

It will be remembered there was a great panic that year and authorities on industrial statistics, government and politics, said that "over-production" was responsible for glutting the markets, bringing industry to a standstill.

Mr. Gompers said that the trouble with American industry was not "over-production," but "under-consumption." This is simple and can be understood by the least informed in economics. The present methods of mass production can only be met by mass consumption, and in the main, must be utilized by the people who produce it.

Some say this is a vicious circle, but that may be said of all methods of dealing with the profits of industry. This, of course, is not a solution to the present condition in the textile industry where silk has been substituted for cotton by the consumer. This phase of changing industry will have to be met the same as the street railway has had to meet the competition of automobiles.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

PAMPHLETS ON CHURCH SERVICES

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editor:—May I have the courtesy of your columns to reply to Miss Byles's letter, Pamphlets on Church Services, which was published in The Commonweal of March 16?

Her question is one being asked by thinking Catholics the world over. The answer is, I think, that when Catholics come to realize something of what the liturgy really is, they will desire to participate in its celebration. We have come to lose our true conception of liturgical worship through the necessity of pioneer missionary labors which absorbed the whole energy of the clergy.

Those who have become interested in the official worship of the Church and perceive something of the sublime treasures of the liturgy of the Mass and Divine Office, desire to see the liturgy explained in a simple manner that could be understood by all.

To meet this need the Benedictines of Saint John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, recently organized the Liturgical Press, which in addition to Orate Fratres, a monthly liturgical review intended to foster active participation in the services of the Church, publishes moderately priced pamphlets on the liturgy, including a small manual, Offeramus, containing the Ordinary and Canon of the Mass with full explanations of them.

Low-priced translations of the Roman missal are now stocked by all leading Catholic publishers. The Saint Andrew Daily Missal (Lohmann Company, St. Paul) contains Vespers for Sundays and principal feasts in addition to the Masses for every day of the year.

The Day Hours, in Latin and English (Burns, Oates and Washbourne) is now on the market, and a complete Latin-English edition of the breviary is in course of preparation by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, for the Burns, Oates and Washbourne Company.

AUBREY G. TAGGART.

THE POPE OF THE SEA

Santa Barbara, Calif.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of March 2, in a review of Ibañez's work entitled The Pope of the Sea, occurs the following remarkable sentence: "The climax came at the Council of Constance where the various rivals were convened, and John XXIII saw wisdom in a sudden escape; Gregory discreetly sending his abdication from his castle in Viterbo; and Benedict XIII hearing of his deposition afar in his family castle of Peñiscola near Valencia, Spain."

Your readers may wonder whether Ibañez or his reviewer attributes power of bilocation to both Pope and anti-Pope, and whether the Church has ever given sanction to the belief in this stupendous miracle.

THOMAS E. SHERMAN.

(As the reviewer of Blasco y Ibañez's book, The Pope of the Sea, I am startled by the amusing uncertainty resulting from my phrase, "Where the various rivals were convened." It is true that the only Pope who appeared at the Council of Constance was John XXIII, yet the other claimants were represented by followers and delegates, as Gregory and Benedict maintained their decorum afar. The suggestion that a bilocation should in any way increase the papal entities of the time fills the reviewer with a pious confusion.—THOMAS WALSH.)

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Her Cardboard Lover

JEANNE EAGELS is, of course, the chief interest in Her Cardboard Lover, not because she does the best acting in the play, but because she is acting in the play at all. For some four years she has uttered no lines but those of Sadie Thompson in Rain. A few optimists thought they might see her again in New York before she had passed her two score and ten mark, but most of the theatre world had settled down to the belief that Rain would go on forever. Came the day when Rain stopped. Then the query, "What will become of Jeanne Eagels?"; and latterly the answer that she would play a tinseled divorcée of Paris and the Riviera. And now she's here, and the play, they say, is a success, and the best actor in it, by far, is Leslie Howard. And the author, Jacques Deval, presumably is happy and so are the adapters, Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse. Therefore, with so much happiness lying around and to spare, a word of sadness and disappointment is not amiss.

The play itself is just another one from the overworked mill of sophistication, with the eternal French triangle, the everlasting bed and such minor trappings of wit as a carefully doctored situation brings forth. Simone Lagorce has divorced her husband for quite sufficient legal grounds, but still loves him. To protect herself from her own weakness, she hires André Sallicel to pose as her latest romantic attachment. He proves excessively if very properly faithful in his cardboard task, for the simple reason that he is really in love with Simone. In the end, he not only prevents a reconciliation between the divorced pair, but succeeds in substituting himself as the second husband of the fickle lady. All of this to the accompaniment of scenes and situations quite obviously suggested by the premises.

Plays of this sort start with nothing and leave you with less. Real comedy of character or of keen observation is thrown overboard for the trite stuff of the smoking-car or the club-bar. A little tailoring of speech casts about it the cloak of pseudo-smartness, and promptly the critics proclaim it a swift, deft comedy. One resents far more than the vacuities of the play itself the hypocrisy (or it is self-deception?) of those to whom the manner of doing and saying something vulgar is everything and the vulgarity itself nothing. They seem to lose sight completely of the difference between vulgarity and coarseness. Vulgarity is something of the mind, coarseness is of the body or speech. To satisfy the sophisticates, you only have to be vulgar in what they consider a smart way. Coarseness is the only dramatic sin they recognize. Only they use the word vulgar to denote coarseness, and call "smart" vulgarity deft comedy. In spite of all the praise that has been lavished on this play, its wit is vulgar wit, however carefully disguised, and its comedy situations are vulgar situations. It has plenty of comedy artifice, but none of the art of comedy. Hence the disappointment that so much that is good (in acting) should be wasted on so little that is worth while.

The Crown Prince

A CIGARETTE advertiser in the theatre programs is listing, week by week, "the many international personages of royal and noble blood who have signified their approval" of his cigarettes. It is too bad that he was not advertising his cigarettes in the days of the "Royal Romance in Three Acts," by Ernest Vajda, now exhibited as The Crown Prince after being put into English by Miss Zoe Akins. For the international personages of imperial and royal blood crowding the pages of this romance could have furnished an imposing array of testimonials. And their cautiously worded endorsements undoubtedly would have throbbed with just about as much life as does most of Vajda's dialogue.

This suggestion is not made in any spirit of ridicule of the basic idea of the play. Behind the history of the Hapsburgs lies a wealth of material for high tragedy, and not the least of these treasures is the mysterious death of the son of Franz Joseph at his hunting lodge nearly fifty years ago. Vajda has woven a romance about this incident, using fact, fiction, and gossip to fill out the details of a story whose real inwardness will probably never be known. He has done everything in the way of plot to supply the basis of absorbing drama. All he has failed to do (and this may be partly the fault of Miss Akins) is to give his characters the breath of reality. I readily admit never having been present at a scene between an emperor and his erring son. I can only guess at the humanity which might emerge from dress-parade uniforms, at the universal note of anguish and conflict which might jump from imperial and royal breasts as swiftly as from humbler hearts. But I do know that the job of a playwright is to make his characters seem real, and that Mr. Vajda and Miss Akins between them have only given us gaudy puppets.

The story of this play has it that the Crown Prince, being forced into a loveless marriage, according to family tradition, discovered a real attachment for a certain baroness, defied court opinion by taking her to his hunting lodge, and demanded the right to set aside his wife and make the Baroness the future Empress. At this, the Emperor determined to disillusionize his son by proving that the Baroness, Anna, cared only for the crown. When the Crown Prince abdicates his right of succession, the Emperor persuades Anna to put poison into his wine, on the promise of high favors to come. She consents. Then the Emperor turns about and warns his son of what is to happen. But the Crown Prince, instead of avoiding the poison, drinks it, preferring to die rather than live without Anna's love. Anna, discovering too late how great was the love of the Crown Prince for her, repents, and then drinks the rest of the poison herself.

It is not a savory story at best, although the idea of the loveless marriages of royalty is supposed to furnish the romantic justification for the Crown Prince's secret love, and to create the glamour of sympathy which would be absent in the case of ordinary mortals. But even this specious device fails to bring the right pitch of emotional intensity. There are moments when Mary Ellis, as Anna, triumphs over the creaking plot by making certain scenes poignant. Henry Stephenson as the Emperor achieves a striking likeness of Franz Joseph and almost makes one forget the deeply artificial villainy of his lines. But Basil Sidney is quite unequal to the task of making the Crown Prince seem real. There is nothing of the ardent or romantic lover in his manner and less in his speech. He has a certain intense quality, but more of the kind one associates with a political zealot. Too often, instead of addressing his tender lines to Anna, he is searching for a vision in the cloud-lands of the gallery. The very mannerisms which made him so excellent as

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Raskolnikoff in the dramatic version of Dostoievsky's Crime and Punishment prove fatal in the present rôle. Only the glamour of headstrong romanticism could raise this royal and imperial tragedy to effective heights. And that Mr. Sidney most distinctly lacks. He shifts the entire burden to the very competent shoulders of Miss Ellis, which is asking entirely too much and contributing nothing.

The Spider

THERE is no use getting unduly alarmed about The Spider. Rumor, floating outward from Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre, may have convinced you that unless your nerves are of iron and your heart of steel, and its valves are well ground and working properly, the mere ordeal of sitting through this mystery play might end your evening at the undertaker's nearest workshop. No. It is not as bad as all that. No one even fainted on the day I risked my life. To be sure, someone fired a revolver quite near me (in a relative way of speaking) and policemen stormed up and down the aisles, and the serious-looking man on the end seat of the row in front was shot to death, and the girl with him seemed most distressed and tearful about it. But then, what is the use of living in New York if you cannot become accustomed to casual murders and the like?

When the house manager came running to the scene of action, and summoned one of my neighbors (who said he was a doctor) and the whole show was stopped while an inquisitive police inspector insisted on finding out who fired the shot, it began to look as if the best thing I could do was to pick up my hat and coat, and depart. You never can tell when suspicion might land on the wrong person, and alibis are getting increasingly hard to prove. Someone might have thrown a gun under my seat. But just then the nervous lady behind me said to her companion, "Perhaps it's real," and of course that broke the spell. A dramatic critic, according to tradition, must always disagree with the audience, so I had to make up my mind that it wasn't real, and that perhaps the stage had just spilled over into the audience by way of novelty.

That clever guess proved correct. You might as well know this much about The Spider in advance. It will save you needless shock, and will still leave you with the mystery unsolved. You will never know from this page which one of your neighbors in the audience fired the shot, or if it was one of your neighbors at all, and not one of those curious characters on the stage. You might try your skill as a reporter by trying to tell in the darkness which direction the shot came from. Witnesses so seldom agree on such points! But Chatrand the Great will have to unravel the full mystery for you.

Which reminds me that Chatrand must be introduced. He is the magician and mind-reader of the Tivoli vaudeville who is performing at the moment the shooting takes place. He is right down in the audience, too, just taking a gold locket, with a spider ornamentation on it, from a young girl. Her companion protests, but Chatrand insists on asking his medium, Alexander "with the radio eyes" to explain the locket's mystery. Alexander starts to answer. The lights suddenly go out. Then the shot is fired. And you know the rest—or as much of it as can decently be told.

This novelty in the handling of a mystery play may prove a little too novel. It is, after all, just a trick, and clever tricks are apt to degenerate in the course of two hours into mere stunts. But the audiences at The Spider seem to have a fine time. And who shall disagree with them?

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POEMS

The Faun

In the recurrent dawn and dew
He cut a reed and notched it true;
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
Right merrily he blew and blew.

He puffed his cheeks, he pursed his lips;
The sound no song-bird could eclipse;
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
He played with nimble finger-tips.

The secret things within the wood,
They rallied for they understood;
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
They perked their ears and found it good.

The twitter-mouse, the burrowing mole,
The woodchuck peering from his hole,
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
The squirrel on the walnut bole—

The furtive fox, the cautious coon,
And from the lake the lonely loon,
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
All joined the jaunty rigadoon.

And I, too, followed; I, too, made
A swift and sudden escolade;
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
My heart was with the pipe that played.

It was the very core of mirth,
The olden rapture of rebirth—
Tra-la! tra-la! tra-lira-la!
The vernal magic of the earth.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

April Question

"When April shall at last return"—

"I did not know," she said,
"Here in my white and quiet bed,
Year long, from dark to dawn,
That spring had gone."

"And petaled censers swing and burn"—

"My window opens skyward bars
On fields of stars,
That blossom through the year for me,
All goldenly.
Does April ever go?" said she.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

April

I think my life must look well-kept and shining,
Green lawns with weedless, gravel paths entwining,
All properly and safely walled about—
Peaceful and neat it looks, without a doubt.

Friend, I am sure that you would pause and stare,
If I asked to be mentioned in your prayer.

MAY LEWIS.

An Old London Cry

Above the traffic's roar and din
Where heedless throngs surge up and down,
Enchantment weaves a moment's spell
When April comes to London town.

The air grows still—then silver-clear,
Echoes the music of a cry:
"All a-growin', all a-blowin'—
Come out and buy, come out and buy!"

Casements fly open, doors swing wide,
The street puts off its modern dress,
And at the laughing voice of spring
Slips back into old loveliness.

And once again the flowers pass—
Treasures from greening woods and hills—
Scarlet, and white, and purple blooms
Heaped high with shining daffodils.

"All a-growin', all a-blowin',"
(Was there ever a tune so sweet?
Birds are in it—lark and linnet—
And oh! the dancing throb of feet)
"Come out and buy, come out and buy!
Fairest things beneath the sky—
All a-growin', all a-blowin',
All the beauty, goin'—goin'!"

The air grows still—the magic dies,
The heedless throngs surge up and down;
Shrill-tongued the traffic blares again,
Though April's come to London town.

IMOGEN CLARK.

No Relation

I thumbed the book of my past today
And felt like throwing the volume away.

Letters were loutish, words were rude—
How could I ever have been so crude?

Leaves were blotched and lines awry;
I read the text with a troubled sigh.

How could the person who wrote it be
Any relation to perfect me?

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

Blessed Are the Poor

The world is food—and food is sweet—
Yet it is bitterness to eat.
As happy beggars let us sing
How hunger is a holy thing.

The world is drink—to satisfy—
Yet men of poisoned drink may die.
Glad mendicants, come, join and sing:
Thirst also is a holy thing.

MARGARET SKAVLAN.

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BOOKS

Moses in Red, by Lincoln Steffens. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. $2.00.

SOONER or later, every revolutionist comes around to it. He dallies for a time with the idea that "Christ was a Socialist." He searches the whole range of Holy Writ for polemical matter that will serve him against comfortable Christians who yawn over the usual sort of sermons in the usual sort of pews; good Christians who think good government depends on having good men in office; respectable Christians who as a matter of duty add their meed of contempt to the burdens borne by publicans, harlots, agitators, and other social outcasts. He discovers that the "bad" are always for, and the "good" always against, God.

Here is Mr. Lincoln Steffens, whilom muck-raker of Rooseveltian "trust-busting" days, following in the footsteps of Alexander Berkman, the Reverend Bouck White, and President Calles, with The Call of the Carpenter brought up to date. He is applauded by Upton Sinclair, who hopes that the "righteous and all Christians" may be benefited by the book and come to "understand the ways of God in our time."

Since the beginning of the Mexican and Russian revolutions, it would appear, Mr. Steffens has taken to reading the Bible in the hope of being able to orient these two phenomena with reference to the whole of human history, with the result, naturally, that he has discovered the Bible to be a "book nobody knows." It is his desire to jolt loose the teachers of Methodist and Baptist Sunday-school classes from the congregations of the godly, and at the same time to save them from complacency and Coolidge. Here the truth is revealed at last. Christ was an anarchist who opposed the state and denounced interest, to the scandal of the ruling classes. His followers were communists. Mr. Steffens proposes to bring the present-day Christians before a Christian inquisition! And Moses, Christ's great predecessor, was a murderer and a fugitive from justice, a labor-leader and a "red" conspirator, a lover of the worker and a hater of the bosses to whose blandishments the patriarch, Joseph, ruler of Egypt under the Hyksos Pharaoh, had succumbed.

It must be acknowledged that there is something in what Mr. Steffens says. Religion and economics do have an intimate connection. The Reformation in England demonstrated that it was necessary for the nouveaux riches to have some sort of "divine" bolstering. But Mr. Steffens goes astray when he assumes that, because Moses and Christ were revolutionaries and right, Lenin, being a revolutionary, was also right. Moses and Christ came with divine credentials and both were workers of miracles. What have the Bolshevists of Russia and President Calles to show except theories? Moses was the champion of an oppressed people and Christ was opposed by the national leaders of His day; the Exodus outwardly had all the earmarks of a revolution; and so on; but it does not follow, because Mormons, Millerites, and Muggletonians keenly feel the indifference and hostility of the world about them, that they severally have the divine imprimatur.

In calling upon church members to accept Bolshevism because its proponents are so often hounded, Mr. Steffens has evidently forgotten that the Fifth Monarchy Men, who believed the world to be in desperate need of something they had, were rejected by Christendom. The Plymouth brethren find all sorts of analogies in Holy Writ to explain their unpopularity with other denominations, and the "Come-Outers" find recompense for their obscurity and lack of respectability in the thought

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that they belong to the company of David and his fellow outlaws in the cave of Odollam.

There is nothing novel in Mr. Steffens's biblical discoveries. The Anabaptist opponents of Cromwell saw in him "the man of sin" and "the beast" of the Apocalypse; and Cromwell himself in the presence of his followers waxed eloquent over the prospect of a Congregationalist conquest of the world, with the hosts of "Pride's Purge" led on by the Lord of Sabaoth. Mr. Steffens has only followed the precedent established by the ordinary Protestant polemic with an unpopular cause.

One party alone in the history of the world possesses the right to draw analogies between its experiences and the Exodus; and that is the party to which Saint Stephen, the Christian martyr, belonged. He, too, was a worker of miracles, and he was neither a communist nor a foe of the state.

Mr. Steffens avails himself of the faulty conclusions of "higher criticism" about the "composite authorship" of the Pentateuch and the miracles of the Old Testament. He has also adopted some Ingersollisms, but with an important difference, and this feature of his book is more interesting than any other to a student of the Bible. He confutes Ingersoll's Mistakes of Moses! The "atrocities" of the Old Testament are defended as proper means to the end of bringing the united Israelitish nation to its inheritance in the promised land. The "spoiling of the Egyptians" is even commended! The liberal, after reading this part of the book, will not be able to berate the Inquisition with his accustomed fervor.

The editor of Columbia, and the Knights of Columbus should be interested in learning that they have been vindicated by a sympathizing intimate of the Mexican and Russian worthies, who ought to know, if anybody knows. Mr. Steffens admits that "the Mexican and Russian revolutions revolve in their courses as alike as two stars." Disregarding as utterly as one wishes the name of "Bolshevism" that has been attached to the phenomena in question, can anybody doubt that both revolutions spring from the same source?

ROBERT R. HULL.

The Mummy: A Handbook of Egyptian Funerary Archaeology, by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. New York: The Macmillan Company. $14.00.

THE first edition of this book was printed in 1893, a slim volume which the writer of this review purchased at that time; still possesses; and has constantly referred to in that intervening third of a century. Now this fine volume, twice the thickness of its predecessor, appears, the harvest of the author's life-work as keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. Much has happened in the way of discovery in that time and the results are included in this book.

Its title, The Mummy, signalizes the fact that an enormous amount of our knowledge of the ancient Egyptians is derived from their funerary remains, the central figure of which was the embalmed and mummified corpse. Those arrangements, as the author says, were the outcome of the Egyptian's belief "that his soul would revivify his body"; they were "the result of a firm assurance in his mind of the truth of the doctrine of immortality, which is the foundation of the Egyptian religion, and which was as deeply rooted in them as the hills are in the earth." To make the details of that procedure clear to us, the author, as in the earlier edition, takes the concrete case of Ani, the Priest of Amen, of whom we know all that is to be known from his tomb and from the remarkable Book of the Dead which he prepared long before his own passing. We begin with the death of Ani, the arrival of the Kher-heb or undertaker, and the decision that the funeral arrangements were to be of the most expensive character, costing about $1,250 of our money. For such a man the second scale—about $300—would have been parsimonious and, of course, the very much cheaper methods employed for the poor were not to be thought of. Next enters the "paraschistes," who opens the body with a flint knife; (he was usually—though we are not told of this in the case of Ani—ceremoniously hunted away afterward with sticks and stones). We are then enlightened in the most vivid manner as to all the varied processes of mummification. They were lengthy, for in one case on record the emblaming lasted sixteen days, the bandaging thirty-five, and the burial seventy—in all, 121; so that the undertaker's charges were by no means exorbitant. We leave the tomb prepared by Ani for himself and for his wife Tutu, who had been laid there to await him, sealed with slabs of stones which fitted so closely that even the thin blade of one of our penknives could with difficulty be inserted for half an inch.

If it were only for this account the book would be worth having, but it is replete with other information as well. We learn of the use of mummies for medicine, for the mediaeval and even later pharmacopoeiasm contained all sorts of horrible and useless substances. The practice came to an end when it was discovered that, the legitimate source of supply having run out, the Jews were manufacturing mummies from the bodies of those who had died in hospitals, often of loathsome diseases. We have also the history of Egypt and its Pharaohs from the earliest times, together with the cartouches of these monarchs, each with his name in hieroglyphics; the nomes or divisions of the country; the numerous deities; the amulets, and in each case, also, the hieroglyphics appropriate to them. In fact, the work is a cyclopaedia of Egyptian information on all topics except architecture and art, of which the author modestly declines to write, declaring himself to be no expert on those matters. To many, not the least interesting part of the book will be the story of the decipherment of the inscriptions. One curious but ineffectual attempt is not mentioned in the book, that made by John Turberville Needham, a Catholic priest of the eighteenth century, better known as one of the writers in the controversy over spontaneous generation. Needham thought that he could translate the hieroglyphics through the medium of Chinese, but the attempt proved to be as impossible as one would now expect.

Sir Wallis upholds the right of Young, as opposed to Champollion, the French Egyptologist whose claims, though they are actually great, have been unduly pressed by his fellow-countrymen. Young was one of those rare beings, an infant prodigy whose after life did not belie his early promise. A mathematician, among many other claims to distinction, he was the discoverer of the undulatory theory of light. At the age of four he had already read the Bible through twice and it is impossible to catalogue here the list of languages and sciences of which he had made himself master before his school career had terminated. He qualified as a medical man, but his labors extended over many domains of knowledge, among others, that of hieroglyphics, the discovery to the decipherment of which stands very largely to his credit. Besides Champollion and Young, however, there is a third man whose name must not be omitted. That is Edward Hincks, an Irishman and graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who from an obscure vicarage of the then Established Church of Ireland, early in the last century, sent to the Royal Irish Academy, a paper which (according to Brugsch, a first-class authority on the subject) employed the true method of deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics.

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It may be asked, What light does this book throw on the claim that all culture ultimately came out of Egypt? Sir Wallis is quite clear that it did not come out of the indigenous Fellah, who will still, as it was once put, be digging in the mud of Egypt, as he has been digging ever since at least Neolithic days, when the last British soldier has ceased to be. This individual Sir Wallis believes to be an African. He was dominated at a very early date by foreigners, possibly Sumerians, who brought with them a knowledge of the arts and crafts and a higher religion in which the gods were represented as men. Hence the later animal and bird-headed gods. The Semitic invaders came in and thus, by one or the other, there were erected the pyramids and the other wondrous works with which we are all familiar. It is the familiar story of the dominant conqueror in small numbers directing the labors of a less intelligent and unprogressive aboriginal race. Thus we may say of Egyptian culture that it was a culture from Egypt, but not the culture of Egyptians.

This important book should be of the utmost interest to all students of antiquity and above all, perhaps, to students of the Old Testament, for though space does not permit of further specification, it may be said that there are numerous references to the relations of the chosen people with the Egyptians.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Spell Land, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Revelry, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

IT IS with surprise that one learns that this story of a Sussex farm is one of the earliest of Miss Kaye-Smith's works, published in England sixteen years ago and now reprinted in America as a result of the success in this country of the author's latest novels. For here is the same beauty of description, the same disclosure of character by an unfolding as natural yet as inevitable as the unfolding of the seasons on the farm itself, and the same cumulative drama in the march of every-day events, which have marked all her offerings of maturer years.

Claude Shepherd is first introduced to the reader as an imaginative child of ten years engaged in testing a statement made by one farm-girl to another in an exchange of whispered confidences he had overheard, that it was possible to conjure up the arch-fiend by repeating the Lord's Prayer backward. When the reader parts company with him, he is a man who has passed through many phases of emotionalism and of belief, but "the old illogical faith of his childhood had never been destroyed in his heart. Nietzsche and his kind had been no more than a deposit of conceit, brushed off by the first genuine consciousness of sin." The development of the intervening years, the influences exerted on the growing man by Emily Branwell and Oliver Mills, most of all the influence of the farm itself, well-named Spell Land, are indicated with a simplicity yet a sureness of insight which make this a modern novel of a quality far beyond the average.

Revelry, set deliberately, as the author recently announced in an interview, "in an atmosphere of stale tobacco smoke, of liquor and of dissipation, because it has been in that atmosphere that the worst scandals of our political history have been hatched," is not pleasant reading. It is perhaps natural that it should be coarse in outline as well as in detail of execution, but the delineation of the central figure—for whom, according to Mr. Adams, President Harding served as model—though skilful and generally sympathetic, is not always convincing because of the too violent obtrusion of the mise en scène. The most satisfying por-

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trait, one shaded with care and always in proportion, is that of Senator Thorne.

The publishers describe Revelry as "a contemporary historical novel," and a letter from the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, which they send to reviewers, declares Mr. Adams "has done his work more bravely, relentlessly and righteously than other men." There is danger that many readers may lay too great stress on the work as history, may accept it as the full elucidation of all the gossip and whisperings of Washington during the Harding administration. It is a work of fiction, and as such it should be judged. Judged as such, it has value, but in workmanship it does not equal Mr. Adams's Success.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

The Fourteen Thumbs of Saint Peter, by Joice M. Nankivell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IT MUST be a tired word—"intriguing"—but it exactly describes the title of this curious book. What visions of Chestertonian paradox or of the subtly simple fantasies of a Francis Jammes those Fourteen Thumbs conjure up! Then one turns back the cover, blossoming in purple and orange, and finds that it is only another book about Bolshevist Russia. And the apostolic thumbs are only spurious relics once enshrined—at prudent distances—by the Orthodox Church, now collected with malicious care for an exhibition by the Atheist Mission: which band of ardent fanatics, finding the pious frauds once again stolen and carried (for some hazy reason) to England, promptly rise to the occasion by substituting fourteen newer frauds gathered from the nearest graveyard. It is all very hectic: but there is vivid, first-hand journalism in the description of Moscow during 1923, at the end of the long famine—Moscow infinitely scarred and shabby, infinitely dirty and hungry and hysterical, with exorbitant prices upon every necessity and the fear of disease or the secret police as the beginning of all wisdom: and over its swarms of transplanted peasants, laborers, tyrannical Soviet officials (largely Jewish by birth, but infidel by conviction) starving aristocrats of the old régime, Mission workers, adventurers and utopians from every nation under heaven, the lurid glamour of a tremendous but treacherous ideal.

It is a tale of adventure, with a vengeance—even if one cannot remember most of the adventures when it is all told. Still less can one recall the personalities of the rather motley crowd of people involved—even of the errant Englishwoman through whose eyes and ears the kaleidoscopic story comes to us. In fact, there is something almost inhuman about the detachment of that young person. She looks upon the sins of communism and of capitalism with equal eye. She dislikes being knocked down in the street, but does not seem to mind having her clothes confiscated by the police and being imprisoned naked for two or three days—especially as bacon and eggs are eventually forthcoming. And being far too tolerant to have any discoverable preference in the abstract question of religion—or irreligion—she is quite as much impressed by the heads of the Atheist Mission as by the venerable Russian patriarch.

Obviously, and with the zeal of the newspaper "hound," the author has tried to describe everybody she has seen and everything she has heard during a brief but meaty visit to Red territory. But as she does not seem to have taken time to think about the experiences or to draw any conclusions, her book will make slight appeal to people whose faith or whose philosophy demands some sort of interpretation of life. And 300 pages of photographs are really more irritating than interesting.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT GLEE CLUB

THE Glee Club of the College of Mount Saint Vincent is necessarily an organization of amateurs. Fifty young women, appearing in full academic regalia on the Town Hall stage, made no effort to shuffle off the novelty of their appearance in such a place. And yet the impression given was far different from what might be supposed. Without any attempt to make his youthful chorus seem professional in character, Maestro Nicola Montani, famous for his achievement as an interpreter of Palestrina music, evoked a rhythmic harmony, an expressive vocal ensemble, really charming and distinctive in character. The quality of the performance improved as the evening wore on. Densmore's Madrigal, César Franck's l'Ange Gardien and Psalm 150, were rendered with skilful enthusiasm. Beethoven's Heavens Are Telling was, perhaps, a little beyond the range of the chorus, but the attempt to sing it was nevertheless praiseworthy. Soloists of several descriptions added to the variety of the program, which profited also by the offerings of Constantino Yon at the organ. Not less valuable was the work of the supporting orchestra, directed, if you please, by the very collegiate Miss Mary Chinnery. As a whole, the evening did honor to the students who participated in it, and to the patrons whose confidence made it possible. Nicola Montani revealed himself once more as a master of materials which, remote from the professional concert-hall, respond only to the highest type of evocative power.

CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Irish Statesman (incorporated with the Irish Homestead) one of the best periodicals in Ireland today, is edited by G. W. Russell (A. E.) the poet and agricultural expert. It presents a weekly statement of the events and tendencies in Irish public affairs that is moderate in tone and generally acceptable by the differing Irish parties. The literary quality of the periodical is assured by the high standing in letters of its editor. The issue for February 19 contained an article entitled A Study of American Culture, in which occurs this striking remark: "Ireland with 4,000,000 people has produced a literature at least as important as the United States with 110,000,000 people. What is the cause of this?" The explanation in the material activities of America, where reverie and introspection are discouraged by the facts and dwarfed by the successes of big business, does not altogether satisfy. It is true that melancholy idealists have melted like wax in the heat of the industrial noontide, but surely we are justified in the expectation of geniuses for the encouragement, patronage and nursing of our arts, such as created the renaissance in Italy and France. This golden age of American arts and letters seems actually to be at hand.

Poland, the excellent monthly magazine devoted to Polish interests in life, trade and culture, presents a March issue of value and interest. There are papers on ski-jumping and the organizations of the Polish Ski Clubs, by Dr. Z. Klemensiewicz; Polish Potash and American Needs, by P. H. Pearson; The Polish Cotton Industry During December, by J. W. Krauze; and a Monthly History of the Polish Republic. The editor, Clarence H. Dawson, is to be congratulated.

The American Scandinavian Review for March presents a valuable study by E. Dieth, Round the Sagasteads of Iceland, and an equally novel and interesting paper on Ribe, the old cathedral town of Saint Ansgar, the Apostle of the North, founded in 860—a charming relic of the old Catholic past of Denmark. There are also the usual well-edited reports of current events in America, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"There now seems to be a great to-do about conversation," remarked Dr. Anglecius.

"Whose?" inquired Euphemia.

"Everybody's," replied the Doctor. "Euphemia, what do you talk about when you are invited out to dine?"

"Would you really like to know, Doctor?" asked Euphemia, glancing ruefully at her engagement pad, which registered a cancelled engagement.

"Certainly, else why should I ask?" inquired the Doctor.

"Well, the best way to find out is to invite me to dinner," suggested Euphemia.

"I'm not a person," replied the Doctor, "to take undue risks. Give me a sample of your dinner conversation first, and then I'll decide whether I shall ask you or not."

"Dinner conversation, like all other conversation," protested Euphemia, "depends on reciprocity. So I wouldn't be able to shine at my brightest in giving you a sample unless you would agree to 'reciproce.'"

"Very well," replied the Doctor, "let us pretend we've just been introduced and are seated side by side at a formal dinner. I shall leave it to you to open the conversation. What, for instance, would be your first remark?"

Euphemia straightened up and began wielding a letter-opener as though it were an oyster-fork.

"I observe, Dr. Angelicus," she began, "that you are a man of parts."

"Indeed, Miss Euphemia?" replied the Doctor, beamingly. "You are a very observant young lady. And what makes you think I am a man of parts?"

"Your evening shirt and your waistcoat, Doctor. You must have dressed hurriedly."

"Enough!" cried Dr. Angelicus, nervously feeling his bosom. "That's sufficient to show that you would be a very uncomfortable dinner partner."

"Oh—and I was just getting started nicely," said Euphemia.

"Started, perhaps; but not nicely," corrected the Doctor.

"What made you think particularly of conversation?" inquired Euphemia, curiously.

"Well," replied the Doctor, "I've been looking over the papers this morning, and they suggested it to me."

"That looks like an advertisement," said Euphemia, glancing over his shoulder.

"It is, and a superb one," replied the Doctor. "Note the picture—a charming, but rather cross, young lady, seated in a cab and eyeing with disapproval a most depressed gentleman—underneath, the caption: 'You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening!'"

"Who? The lady, or the gentleman?" asked Euphemia.

"Don't be foolish," reprimanded the Doctor. "Was such a thing ever said to a lady?"

"Being of a big mind, I will ignore that," said Euphemia, "and will ask you why he didn't?"

"Because," explained Dr. Angelicus, "he hadn't studied a certain scrap-book."

"Scrap-book?" inquired Euphemia. "The diary of a pugilist, I presume."

"Never strain to make a joke," scolded the Doctor. "This scrap-book was compiled by an editor."

"It's much the same thing," sulked Euphemia. "But go on with the advertisement."

"It's really extraordinary," said Angelicus. "Listen:

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Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Calvert Publishing Corp., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Editor, Michael Williams, Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, John F. McCormick, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

The Calvert Associates, Inc., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Michael Williams, President; John F. McCormick, Secretary; R. Dana Skinner, Treasurer.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1927.
(Seal) A. E. RENTON.
(My commission expires March 30, 1927.)

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"'You didn't say a single word all evening.'

"'How could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about.'

"'Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that.'

"'But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily, all evening.'

"'Business, always! If you were a big enough real-estate man, you'd forget business and talk of other things!'"

"That's enough," yawned Euphemia. "I've cautioned you before about taking these advertisements too seriously."

"But this one seems to me to be very sage and sensible," explained the Doctor. "And this very point about business is confirmed in a recent news item from the New York World:

"'Middletown, Connecticut:—Dr. Carvey Landis, assistant professor of psychology at Wesleyan University, has been making a study of what people talk about. He has stood for hours on the street corners in New York and London, notebook in hand, politely eavesdropping.'"

"The old snooper!" protested Euphemia. "And I object to the English. There's no such thing as 'politely eavesdropping.'"

But the Doctor continued:

"'Between Englishmen, Dr. Landis believes that the chief topic of conversation is the same as between Americans—namely, money and business. But the London woman talks about a greater range of subjects than her Gotham cousin. The New York woman talks largely about men or clothing.'"

"That's a libel," protested Euphemia. "They have far more interesting things to discuss."

"Than clothing?" asked the Doctor.

"No; than men," said Euphemia. "But continue."

"'The London woman,'" went on the Doctor, "'says little about clothing, and not a great deal about men. But she discourses fluently about herself or other women.' (Especially, other women," muttered the Doctor.)

"You men seem to think you know a great deal of women and what they talk about," remarked Euphemia. "But here is the real test. Can you tell me what they think about?"

"'Ask me another,'" quoted Dr. Angelicus as he rose to go.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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